THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

June, 1801.

LOUISA,

THE LADY OF THE HAYSTACK.

[With a Portrait.]

OF this interesting stranger, some account was given in a former number, page 214. The few further particulars which we are about to give are gathered from a volume, entitled "LOUISA," translated from the French by the Rev. Mr. Glasse; a second edition of which, with great improvements and many additions, has been just published.

From several concurrent circumstances, there is reason to suspect, that this unfortunate lady was indebted for her being to some branch of the Imperial House of A——; but all that can be certainly known is, that in the year 1776 she came into the village of Bourton, near Bristol, and begged the refreshment of a little milk. There was something so attractive in her address and appearance, as to engage the attention of all around her. She was extremely young, and strikingly beautiful; her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance interesting to the last degree. Her deportment and conversation bore visible marks of superior breeding; yet there was a remarkable wildness and incoherence in all that she said and did. All day she wandered in search of a place to lay her head in; and at night

actually took up her lodging under an old haystack. The neighbouring ladies remonstrated with her on the danger of so exposed a situation; but in vain. Their bounty supplied her with the necessaries of life; but neither entreaties nor threats could induce her to sleep in a house. As, however, she sometimes showed signs of insanity, she was at length confined. After some time, being released, she with speed flew back to her beloved haystack, though it was some miles from the place of her confinement; and her rapture was inexpressible on finding herself once more under that miserable shelter, which she did not quit again for near four years.

Toward the middle of 1781, Miss Hannah More, a character equally eminent for literary talents and innate benevolence, prevailed with her to accept an apartment in a private house (of the best reputation for the reception of persons in her unhappy circumstances) situated about four miles from Bristol; where she continued some years, most tenderly taken care of, but scarcely ever being persuaded to rise from a bed of straw which she had chosen for repose.

Her long residence under the haystack, exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons, had contracted her limbs, and almost deprived her of their use: and, at length, the recovery of them, as well as of her understanding, becoming hopeless, Miss More, fearing that the poor maniac might eventually be left in a situation wholly unprotected, obtained for her an asylum in Guy's Hospital Lunatic House, Bath; allowing a certain sum to clothe her and furnish her with such comforts as she had been accustomed to enjoy; and continuing to visit her occasionally, until she had so far lost all knowledge or recollection as to render that attention wholly unnecessary. Indeed, no alteration took place in the state of her mind to the day of her death. She was carried off rather suddenly on the 19th of December last, and was buried in the ground belonging to the hospital on the 23d. As Miss More's agent expresses it,

it, "the change was merciful: her life was misery, and its continuation not to be desired."

The only circumstances that seem to have been clearly deduced from her incoherent conversation were, that her father's country was Bohemia; that he rode in a coach drawn by eight horses; that, because he wanted to compel her to a marriage that she disliked, while she had given her heart to another, he shut her up in a convent; from which, however, she at length contrived to escape; and that these misfortunes, together with the guilt of flight and dread of detection, had turned her brain.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXXVI.

HAVING lately, as announced in a former number, paid a visit to Bath, I had frequent opportunities, from the favourable position of my chamber windows, which commanded the whole of the South Parade, to cast an eye of "unobserved observation" upon the motley groups which there exhibited themselves to public view; and I have been led, in the course of these surveys, into reflections on the difference between antient and modern *dress* and *address*.

It both pleased and angered me to run the parallel, or rather to consider the contrast. Old Woman as I am, I neither privately felt, nor will I publicly descant, on the virtues of antient days, to depreciate the present; but weighing, in impartial scales, the good and the evil of both, will leave it to all orders and descriptions of *men*—for to their judgment I shall appeal in the case before me—to determine the preference.

Gentlemen, I have been long enough in the world to remember when female youth was characterized by a meek air, modest attire, and movements which expressed no less

grace of person than of mind. Incredible as it may appear to the young ladies of the present generation, I call to mind the white æra, when some of you were perhaps lovers, though now grandfathers, and when the charm which attracted you was Beauty attired by Modesty, even as her handmaid. The figure was thought sufficiently engaging, when more was left for the fancy than the eye of the lover; and although, it must be confessed, the shape was guarded by centinels too formal, and the fair ones too deeply intrenched from top to toe, like warriors armed capàpée. It must be admitted also, that they seem, to modern taste, as if prepared for a siege against the most impetuous attacks of the opposite sex, fenced up, as they were, with whalebone, steel, and other implements of fortification; but, nevertheless, from these citadels their battles have been fought with success, and they have carried the heart, without storming, by weapons which Venus, rather than Bellona, supplied; and, as a farther testimony of this, it should be remembered---

> When Celia strots in man's attire,
> She shows too much to raise desire;
> But from the hoop's bewitching round,
> Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

And, I am persuaded, more of your hearts have been won---ay, and preserved too---by a close handkerchief and a long gown, than a fashionable bosom or short petticoat: for, what another amiable friend to the sex observes is not more poetical than true,

> The fancy will paint what we cover with care,
> And double each charm we conceal.

Starch formalities, both of dress and address, should be avoided; and it is not more disgusting to see a young woman too precise, than a young man too pragmatical. Yet, perhaps, the best recommendation of female youth is *reserve;* a virtue, or, if it may not aspire to so high a name, a *decorum*, which leads to every thing you gentlemen most appreciate.

appreciate. In proof of this I will now place before you two beings (" nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice"); then leave them to your choice. I will only just observe, lest you should be apt to dispute the point, that, though produced in different ages, they are actually of the same world.

Some forty years since, I saw moving before me in this very city a young creature, who to an adorned mind and lovely features added an engaging shape; a gentle step, a graceful air, characterised every look and motion---it was the Poet of Nature's Lavinia in real life. It was impossible for the observer not to be charmed as much by modesty concealing beauty, as by beauty itself. In truth, it was part of it, and they lent lustre to each other. In the present time she would have been called a pretty fright! a thing cased in armour! No ease, no freedom, no elegance! A living lump of loveliness swathed up to the chin in buckram-like silks and satins, and starched muslins and laces! Nothing seen distinct!---nothing that ascertains a difference of one sex from the other! Yet it is certain, that, from this unmodish disguise, from the thick concealment of the figure, a thousand Cupids have shot their unerring darts, and hid their quivers in the folds. I can go back to the day when the very friend, then an amiable girl, now a venerable matron, whom I lately accompanied to Bath, gave her hand to the still fond husband, who fell in love with her for those very graces of decorum which would subject her, at this day, to the indecent titter of all the bon ton circles of St. James's, and the would-be fashionables of Cheapside. Instead of a shape and bosom that were left to the *gaze* of every observer, she gave him, and him only, true affection's first offerings; and her reserves were but like treasures hid in the mine to enrich their rightful possessor,---the man of her heart; and I have frequently heard the husband of this delicate woman say, that, if his passion could have admitted increase, it must have been on finding, even in the midst of tenderness avowed, those sweet tremors, and that

rosy pudency, which, whatever the ladies may think, is as acceptable to the happiness of the gentlemen, and as necessary to their interest after marriage as before. Indeed, the *delicacies* of the object beloved, continued from the maiden to the wife, and then taught by the mother till they become part of the education, example, and principles of the children, and so on to posterity, are the sweetest testimonies of an attachment which *reserves* all that is most chaste and precious for the elected lover, and creates a mixed admiration and reverence in the rest of their friends. It is very difficult to describe the graces and sentiments of such a young woman's affection; and, perhaps, poetry can go nearer to image its charm than the most refined prose; yet scarcely can the muse do justice to the union of that season of joy,

When virgin innocence, by manly truth,
Is led to Hymen's altar.

Yet such, without the aid of verse, or any inspiration but that of real love, preceded the union of her from whose character and conduct I borrowed these faint traits of what love should be. I was the confidante of the courtship, even of the whole course of wooing, and acted as bride-maid at the altar. A thousand times since have the following lines been impressed on my memory, as descriptive of what this old-fashioned couple must have felt on the eve that foreran the happy morn.

*Ah! what an hour for love,
For almost wedded love, to steal unseen
From all eyes but their own!
Oh! tell the ecstacy, ye blessed few,
Whoe'er has felt true passion, felt your hearts
Beat quick with transport at the coming dawn;
Ev'n as ye seem to reach the dearest point
Of all your fancies, ever imag'd fair;
Blest interval of every soft excess,
The human heart can prove! supreme divine!
Fill'd with each ardent hope, each rosy fear!

* Pratt's Landscapes in Verse

But

But this felicity, at such an hour, may sometimes take place even in these modish days. It is the continuation, the life-lasting *permanence* of these sentiments and sensations which give it value; and, in the instance stated, they have remained already near half a century.

I shall consider the *contrast* to this at some future early opportunity.

FRAGMENTS OF A LETTER

From a Mameluke in Paris to a Friend in Egypt.

....IT is now the opening of Spring. What strange creatures these Frenchmen are! To hear them speak, they are just arrived at the end of the season of pleasures.——The end of pleasures! yet Nature is now awaking.

With them pleasure is nothing but a word, amusement an intrigue, joy an agitation, enjoyment a change, and employment the only object. Pleasure is in all their mouths; but is a word without meaning. A Frenchman has the pleasure of seeing you, the pleasure of writing to you, the pleasure of meeting you, the pleasure of hearing you, though all this time you are perfectly indifferent to him. The word pleasure also ascertains the rank which you hold in his esteem. He has the honour of writing to his superiors; he has the pleasure of writing to his equals; he writes without either of these terms to his inferiors. He oftentimes despises the man to whom he addresses the word honour; he oftentimes gapes over the letter which he has the pleasure of writing; oftentimes the society of him to whom he applies neither honour nor pleasure is that in which he most delights, and which he most esteems. Surround a Frenchman with what he calls charming, delightful, every thing voluptuous in life, he will be just the same being as before.

The

The spectacles!——The Frenchmen run eagerly after them, the lower classes especially. People of bon ton, notwithstanding their bon ton, in this particular, do not differ from the vulgar. There is no contending against the national character. They must have spectacles. To them they fly every day; and every day they exclaim, while departing from the theatre, "detestable!" In the works of living authors, according to them, every thing is miserable. Every thing is sublime in those of the dead. They have a Corneille, a Racine, a Moliere, of whom they never cease speaking, and yet their pieces never appear.

Their carnival has just ended. This year has restored it to them after an interval of ten. This folly they carry even to madness. They deck themselves out in grotesque dresses; they cover their faces with a false visage, which they call a mask; and, thus equipped, enter the lists. It is a comical sight to behold the extreme bustle of all those immoveable countenances. The body is all action, while every feature in the face of the figure is fixed as in death. Dress, gait, manner, voice—all is disguise. They envelope themselves in all the liveries of falsehood to enjoy the privilege, as they say, of speaking truth. But what truth can be expected from the lips of a man who tries every art to conceal himself from every one whom he accosts? The days of the masquerade are nothing but an exchange of ill-nature, scandal, and calumny. They think that they have spoken truth when they have rubbed their reputations against each other until they are become all soiled, crushed, and lacerated. This is just as if a person should ask a volcano, "What are you doing?" and it should answer, "I am "*organizing.*"

COMPARISON OF FASHIONS.

HAVE you ever observed the contrast which fashion has established between the costume of men and that of women? The two sexes, which at Paris assimilate to each other

other in an infinity of points, follow, in this respect, tastes so opposite, that the one appears to be the antitheses of the other.

Monsieur wears a large cravat enveloping his chin; Madame has her back, her shoulders, and her bosom, uncovered to the middle of her breast.

The waist of Monsieur's coat reaches down to his thighs; that of Madame's robe scarcely passes below her shoulders. The skirts of the one scarcely touch the ham; the trains of the other are trailed along the ground.

Our *elegantes* no longer wear any thing stuffed and quilted; our young men are stuffed and quilted from the ears down to the small of the back.

White is the favourite colour of the former; dark colours are the favourites of the latter.

The more pains the one take to show the shape of the leg and thigh, in the same proportion does the other endeavour to conceal it in boots and large pantaloons.

The men wear cloth winter and summer; the ladies, muslin.

What is the conclusion to be drawn from these observations? A gloomy philosopher would not hesitate to attribute these differences to a spirit of contradiction; but the love of virtue, as well as gallantry, lead us to an inference more just, and, at the same time, more favourable to the fair sex:---it is, that they wish to contribute as much as is in their power to the formation of those happy contrasts, from whence results the harmony of Nature. Thus the skilful musician discovers a tendency to the most perfect concords, where the ignorant perceive only discordant sounds.

REMARKABLE WORDS.

THERE is a word in the English language to which, if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter. *Short* is the word required, to which if you add *er* it will then be *shorter*.

shorter. This is a paradox; for the word, being actually made longer, becomes really *shorter*. And now, *vice versa*, to contrast with the above, I shall name two or three words, which, by being made shorter in one sense, become longer in another. *Plague* is a word of one syllable; take away the two first letters, and there will be a word of two syllables remaining; by which it appears the *ague* is four sixths of the plague: we have three other words of this kind, viz. te*ague*, le*ague*, and Pr*ague*.

There is a word in the English language of five syllables, from which if one syllable be deducted no syllable remains —*monosyllable*.

The two longest monosyllables in our language are *strength* and *streights*, and the very longest word *honorificabilitudinity*. But this is an obsolete phrase, and is not to be found in any vocabulist I know of, Bailey excepted, who has borrowed it from the Latin, in which language it has a letter more, viz. *honorificabilitudinitas*.

Heroine is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our tongue; the two first letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, and the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus; *he*, *her*, *hero*, *heroine*.

We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the transposition of a single letter, with only the addition of an apostrophe, so as to make a complete simple sentence; and such a sentence as a person of this description may generally address himself withal: the term is *mendicant*, and the sentence arising from its division—*Mend I can't*; which most of them may too truly assert.

These words deserve remark; *tartar*, *papa*, and *murmur* in English, *toto* in Latin, and *berber* in the Turkish language; because each of them are but the same syllable twice repeated.

We have several dissyllable words, which read the same backwards as forwards, such as *aga*, *ala*, *lesel*, *refer*, &c. But we have very few which constitute a different word by a reverse reading; there are these, *level*, *ever*, *revel*, *sever*, which

which read backwards make *revel*, *reve*, *leper*, *reves;* and *era*, by dissolving the dipthong, when retrogradely read, will be *area*. Of trisyllables there cannot be expected so many; *animal*, it is true, will be found to make the Latin, and, by adoption, English word, *lamina*.

FEMALE CONSTANCY;

OR, THE EFFECTS OF POETRY.

[From a Paris Journal.]

POETRY or music: which of the two possesses the most powerful influence on man? It is difficult to decide upon the superiority of either. It is known what prodigies were wrought by the latter under the fingers of Orpheus and Amphion, and the powerful effects which it produced through the organ of Tyrtæus. Neither are the vast projects to which the poetry of Homer incited the young King of Macedon forgotten. The following anecdote of an occurrence last summer proves the influence of the beautiful poems of Tasso, the Homer of Italy.

A young lady, from the neighbourhood of Alexandria, belonging to a family of distinction, had devoted herself, from her infancy, to the study of Tasso, whose Jerusalem Delivered she had entirely by heart. Such was her taste for this poet, and so far had she identified herself with his heroines, that she alternately believed herself to be Sophronia braving the fury of Aladius; Clorinda contending with Tancred; or Herminia penetrating, during the night, the camp of the Christians. She regarded these adventures as natural, and was disposed to imitate them.

An opportunity soon occurred: the Italian hearkens to the addresses of a young gentleman, who is extremely anxious to marry her; but whose father, from motives of interest, opposes his wishes. The young man, obliged to yield

yield to the will of his father, a friend to the French party, enters into the service, and joins the army of reserve, after leaving a farewell letter to his mistress. The father intercepts the letter. The young lady, hearing of the departure of her lover, without receiving one line of consolation from him, considers herself as neglected. The idea of not being loved afflicts her heart, and troubles her understanding: she consults the heroines of Tasso. What would the tender Herminia have done thus abandoned? She would have followed her unfeeling lover to the army; she would have lavished her own days to save those of the ingrate, and to convince him of the truth of her passion. Such is the part she determines on taking. She wins over an old servant of the family; sets out with him; purchases a hussar coat at the next town; goes straight to the French camp; shows her brother's papers, which she had taken out of his portfolio; joins the crowd of Italians, who came to the army of the Republic; and, under her brother's name, receives a flattering reception.

Confounded with the crowd of soldiers, she contemplates her lover; follows him every where with her eyes, and believes herself far from his thoughts, when she sees him joining in the pleasures of the other officers, and preparing for the great battle, which was fought a few days after on the plains of Marengo.

This girl, actually believing herself to be Clorinda, appeared determined to join in the combat; for she belonged to a detachment commanded by her lover himself, and charged with the defence of a post on the side of Villa-del-faro; but her brother, having traced her to the army, came on the following morning to reclaim his sister and the papers, on the faith of which she had been enrolled. The father was so much touched with this extraordinary display of love, that he gave his consent to the marriage.

THE

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER:

A FRAGMENT.

Inscribed to Miss H...v...de.

THE sun had just ceased to illuminate the tops of those majestic mountains whose hoary ridges are inaccessible to human steps, when Leander entered the vale which led to the beautiful little village of ———. Rich autumn had crowned with mellow teints the fertile prospect, and promised to reward the toils of the industrious husbandman with the most ample produce. Struck with the rich variety of the surrounding country, he gave wing to the imagination, and indulged a train of reflections on the happiness and comforts of a British peasant, who could live free from those dreadful anxieties which torture the breasts of the thousands who are every moment trembling for their property, lest the imperious mandate of some petty tyrant should invade the natural privileges of mankind, and usurp their little all.

Leander had a heart attuned to the miseries of human nature. He contemplated, in idea, this truly degrading caricatura with the most pungent sensations, till the sight of a village labourer, returning from his daily toil, recalled his attention to the more pleasing contrast. The old man's features glowed with cheerfulness and health, and indicated the utmost composure of mind, as he amused himself, and gave a turn to the general silence, with his evening song. Leander pictured to himself the partner of his little cares anxiously awaiting his return, whilst her endearing affection decked the oaken utensil with her choicest cates---hard fare, perhaps, but simply luxuriant. Their little ones, lost in the sweet oblivion of sleep, whose innocent and ruddy complexions bespoke them uncontaminated with the infantine vices of the metropolis, afforded the fond parents the most exquisite delight; all was harmony and tranquility.

But, ah! my friend, little dost thou know the sorrows which at this moment agonize the bosoms of the inhabitants of his cottage. Ere he had well reached the door of his humble dwelling, he was accosted with "Ah! master, for pity's sake relieve the distresses of a poor wounded soldier, who has travelled these three days without bread, save the remnant of a loaf, which the charity of an unprotected widow supplied me with,"---the poor mendicant at the same time earnestly soliciting a night's lodging. Misfortune seemed to have anticipated the furrows of age, and his faltering voice bespoke the feelings of a troubled mind. One arm was slung through an old silk kerchief, whilst a ragged pair of trowsers half concealed his necessary appendage,---a wooden leg. The good old villager, whose compassion to the unfortunate, on recollecting the widow's mite, I would say charity, was well known, and to whom misfortune was at all times a sufficient recommendation, readily invited him to partake of such cheer as his cot afforded. But what were the agitations of the whole family when the old man's daughter recognised in the person of the stranger the altered features of her husband, the father of her children. "It is! oh! my William!"

Reader, hast thou ever tasted the rapturous sensations which arise from a happy union of mutual love, or, peradventure, thou hast felt the pangs which rend the heart when separation has robbed thee of the object of thy affections; if thou hast experienced these, thine own heart can best inform thee what passed in the bosom of Mary, as she gazed on the mutilated limbs of him with whom she had erst enjoyed so much happiness. Surprise rivetted attention, while he related the various sieges he had witnessed, and the heroic acts he performed in the field, where the enemy's cannon deprived him of two of his limbs. The dreadful idea quite overpowered her, and she sunk into the arms of her astonished parent.*****

THE

THE FEMALE SPY.

[Continued from p. 360.]

MRS. Wolstonecraft has been much quoted and written upon, as well as others of this Pandæmonium of Philosophers; but their commentators are composed generally of a sect of needy authors, who may say, with the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, "My poverty, and not my will, consents." They indeed remind me much of those little animals which, fable informs us, live by picking the crocodile's teeth; for, without any injury, they obtain a livelihood. Of the "Rights of Women" I need say little; it is obvious to all, that the author possessed a very luxuriant imagination, and very acute feelings; but a system so desultory and inconsistent seems, like the viper, to carry its own antidote.

Godwin's *St. Leon* is a tissue of absurdities; an edifice, founded on the *sands*. To lay down impossibilities as axioms, and from thence to deduce a system of action, is wild and incongruous. His turgid eloquence cannot reconcile, to a reasoning mind, this idle legend.

His *Caleb Williams*, written to point out the defects of government, seems equally absurd. He has not hesitated to elucidate his favourite opinions by the most unwarrantable means: he has pourtrayed an instance of persecution, which, under our laws, could *not* exist: he has made one man the martyr of another's caprice, the victim to his pride and power; and haunted him through page after page, to impress society with a notion of legal oppression and tyranny, sanctioned by legislature: this is ridiculous. To take up a prejudice, and to demonstrate it by falsehoods, is unjust: to write on fancied ills, till his imagination teems with horrors, evinces only an undiscerning visionary. Should a chirurgeon recommend an amputation for a limb only slightly disabled, a diseased mind, shuddering, might *consent*; a strong one, perceiving the evil heightened, would

prefer more gentle means, as likely to facilitate a recovery, which rashness would render impracticable.

In one of the philosophical novels of the day, I read of the triumphs of energy: it induced one heroine* to make *love* to a man who *scorned* her; if I remember rightly,† in another to travel alone, and on foot, some thousands of miles; and a delicate female, too. It also transported a young lady from her *paternal* roof, with a democratic husband, into the wilds of *Kentucky*.‡ In short, this much-abused word, energy, has done wonders in an ill cause; let it, then, now be pressed into the service of *reason*, to repel and vanquish sophistry.

My own apartments.

TO THE FEMALE SPY.

Oh! souls in whom no heav'nly fire is found.

DRYDEN.

MADAM,

IN your last number,‖ I read a letter signed Benedictus, which I am resolved shall not escape animadversion. It was apparently written to convey a compliment to you; but so awkwardly, that one part seemed a satire on the other. Those mental attainments which first drew his applause, he afterwards attempts to censure and depreciate in the whole sex. He observes, that "women are placed in situations as *great*, or *greater*, than men," yet arraigns Providence by discovering that their powers are inferior. We had all hoped our trials were not greater than our strength. To invalidate his argument, he very elegantly remarks, that "all women must one day be wives and mothers;" an unanswerable reason why they must all be fools. I should have imagined, on the contrary, this the

* Emma Courtenay. † Plain Sense. ‡ Disobedience. ‖ P. 360.

best

best observation to prove their intellects equally great with those of men; since it requires a strong, well-regulated mind to direct the hearts and improve the reason of a young family. Mr. Benedictus thinks lightly of these great and indispensable duties, or has not thought of them at all; he very vehemently states his opinion, that "softness of temper" is the only requisite in a female; and this, he observes, "Science unfortunately does not encourage." Poor man! no one will charge *his* faults of temper to his learning. Yet, till now, the sun of science has been unanimously thought to have civilized and ameliorated the most savage minds; sensibility and every virtue has been acknowledged best to flourish under its genial rays. Again, he hesitates not to say, for he grows more bold as his subject opens upon him, "that the same studies are not fit for both sexes, particularly metaphysics, astronomy, and mathematics." I know not that they are fit studies for the ignorant part of either, but since genius is not sexual, they are alike open to the researches of both; and in that case, are we certain of the pre-eminence of man in those pursuits, or any others? He thinks, however, science "is not calculated to make the mistress of a family happy;" amazing discovery! nor "those around her contented:" not if, like this close reasoner, they are prejudiced or envious. Let him learn that true genius will never disturb domestic quiet, that virtue is not less its pursuit than fame; that it shrinks not from the rigid performance of every duty; and that, not solicitous of the suffrage of dogmatical ignorance, it tramples on no domestic peace to attain it; content with self-approbation, it never obtrudes, therefore cannot alarm the envious pride of its enemies. Alas! Mr. Benedictus, you only argued against the superficial part of the sex, with those, who, according to Pope, had only sipped the Pierian Spring; and certainly a little knowledge is very dangerous. No doubt the "Age of Reason" has made your house-maid scald your feet with the tea-kettle, to prove her independent spirit; and your

grocer's wife, perhaps, is become a virago, from reading the "Rights of Women." Your mistress, too, to complete all, has, I suppose, read "Political Justice," and openly expressed her determination to oppose your "arbitrary monopoly of one woman."*

CASSIUS.

LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

[Continued from page 396.]

Death.---THIS word is ever to be understood metaphorically, and carries no sort of terror with it. It is even so stale, that it now goes for nothing. The death of a lover is so much in course, that it is as inevitable as in nature; for if the fair is kind, he is to die with joy; if otherwise, of grief: and both equally.

Despair.---Driving to despair formerly signified reducing a person to the last extremity, sending him to hang or drown himself. It has now no such terrible signification.

Difficulties.---They are the zest of a passion, that would often flatten, languish, and die, without them. They are like hills, and tufts of trees, interspersed in a country, that interrupt the prospect only to make it the more agreeable.

Enchantment.---A term much used in the white art magic of love. An enchanting fair one, &c. This word, like that of charms, irresistible attractions, &c., is founded on the grand principle, that praise always pleases: and that, however one may at first distrust these expressions, they are soon received as obliging truths. In general, however, it is a word of much more sound than sense.

Faithful.---A faithful lover is a character greatly out of date, and rarely now used but to adorn some romantic novel, or for a flourish on the stage. He passes now for a man of little merit, or one who knows nothing of the world.

* Vide Political Justice.

Fashion---

Fashion---Governs the world; it regulates the morals, the way of thinking, dressing, eating, writing, entertainments, pleasures, every thing. In love, it exercises a perfect despotism; heroic love is now out of fashion, and constancy an exploded virtue.---A man of fashion is a man who has insinuated himself into the hearts of two or three women of reputation in gallantry. It is merely a chance, or some lucky incident, that confers this title. The Countess of Light-airs has taken an unaccountable fancy to some coxcomb as worthless as herself. This is spread about, and the curiosity of all the coquettes is a-tiptoe, to know whether a woman who passes for a knowing one is in the right to have made such a choice. They all design upon him; some through downright whim; others out of jealousy, or emulation of beauty; others to be in the fashion. Then commences a kind of scramble for this hero of the day, whose reign is generally however of no long duration. A trifling incident raised him, a trifling incident destroys him; and he sinks out of fashion like any other bauble.

Fate---Destiny, stars, &c. Words of great help to young persons, who catch at every thing to cover or excuse their weakness. Medea is not the last, or only one, who made use of that word as a reason for doing a foolish thing. Many have, since her time, taken their fate or stars to task for the faults of their inclination. Nothing so frequent as predestinarians in love.

Faults.---The person one loves never has any. Either the lover does not see them, or is as much reconciled to them as to his own. If they offend him, he is so far from being a true lover, that he is scarcely more than an acquaintance, and less than a friend.

Fortune.---A man of fortune. When a wise, worldly-minded mother makes use of this expression, in an emphatic tone, to a daughter whom she is going to sacrifice to a sordid consideration of interest and maintenance, it means, that the man is worth nothing but his fortune. It strictly

strictly implies, by the rule of never calling a man by an inferior title when he has an higher one, that he is not a man of worth, of honour, of virtue, of fine sense, but merely a man of fortune; a man of chance, one who would not, in short, have been a man in any sense but as made such by fortune. A gambler may, also, with great propriety, be called a man of fortune.

Fribble.---This word signifies one of those ambiguous animals who are neither male nor female; disclaimed by his own sex, and the scorn of both. There is ever a silly insipid simper in their countenances. Without any of the good qualities of their own sex, they affect all the bad ones, all the impertinencies and follies of the other; whilst what is no more than ridiculous, and sometimes even a grace in the women, is nauseous and shocking in them. A wretch of this no-species loves mightily the company of the ladies, that he may come in for a share of the amusements that are going on amongst them, and which are more to his taste than manly employments or exercise. He even endeavours to make himself necessary to them; combs their lap-dogs, fancies their ribands, recommends the best scented powder, and loves to be consulted in the cut of their cap, their tea, and the placing their China baubles: helps them in their filagree or shell-work. They are great critics of dress, and the assortment of colours; can tell which will suit a complexion, and which not. One of them can pronounce emphatically, that yellow does not become a fair one, because that colour is not sufficiently contrasted to that of her skin. That, on the other hand, an olive beauty does not agree with a brownish light grey, because of the too great opposition of this colour to that of her hair and eye-brows, which will therefore appear harsh. That a yellow, a lemon, a pale, or straw colour, should be avoided by the fair-complexioned; and the sky blue, the light green, or black, by the brown; with other decisions of the like importance. Some of them, too, have their toilettes, and wash in three waters. One would think,

think, in short, that these equivocal animals imitated the women, out of complaisance to them, that they might have the higher opinion of their own sex, from seeing that there were men who endeavoured to come as near it as possible. But so far are they from succeeding, that they disfigure the graces, caricature the faults, and have none of the virtues of that amiable sex.

Friend.---This character, from a man to a lady, is often no other than a mask worn by a lover obliged to disguise himself, and who is the more to be feared for dissembling his designs, and watching the advantages of a critical moment. The women should admit no friend that may possibly become a lover. They love their danger who do not attend to this advice.

Kiss.---Some authors will have it, that a kiss is no kiss, or at best a half one, unless returned at the same time. In some countries there is such a stress laid upon it, that a woman who grants a kiss has passed away all right to refuse any thing else. In our's, its signification is determined by the circumstances, the degree of warmth, the part, the time, and other particulars needless to enumerate. In general one may venture to pronounce kissing dangerous. A spark of fire has often been struck out of the collision of lips, that has blown up the whole magazine of virtue.

To Know.---In love, most persons, instead of desiring to know before they fix their choice, choose first, and learn to know afterwards. When, as Davenant expresses it, "As knowledge is but sorrow's spy, it might be better not to know."

Liberty.---The state of a heart which has never loved, or has ceased loving. It is often used in a libertine sense, as in this phrase: "I dread the marriage fetters---I love my liberty."

To Love---In times of yore, signified an invincible inclination: at present, it has quite another meaning, and often no meaning at all. There is as much difference between what we call love, and what our forefathers called

so, as between our dress and their's. Every sublunary thing changes; but our manner is so easy and commodious, that it threatens a long duration.

Goatly loves the innocent Sylvia.---That is as much as to say, he is laying every scheme he can imagine to add her to the list of wretched victims who have fallen a prey to his brutal appetites: whilst all her personal beauties, her inimitable bloom, her fine-turned shape, have been surveyed by him with the same eye as cannibals view their captives, of whom they design to make a meal.

Matrimony.---A term which is the stale topic of ridicule to witlings, libertines, and coxcombs; and a term of the utmost respect among the virtuous and the sensible. It is, like patriotism, the most noble motive, and the most infamous pretext. It is the paradise of the wise, and the hell of fools. At present, the fashion is, properly speaking, to commit matrimony; since on the footing that things are, it is rather a crime than a virtue; since, often, no nobler a view determines to it, than sends a highwayman to Hounslow heath; to wit,---the taking a purse. Sordid interest is now the great master of ceremonies to Hymen, of which it pollutes the sanctuary, and dishonours the worship. Parents who sacrifice their children to it are worse than the Ammonites, who burned their's in honour to Moloch: at least the pain of those wretched victims was momentary; whilst the pain of those sold for interest is a lingering one, and often as sure a death.

No---Is a term very frequently employed by the fair, when they mean every thing else but a negative. Their *yes* is always *yes;* but their *no* is not always *no.* The air and tone of it determines the signification: sometimes, too, the circumstances, a smile or a look.

Pity.---One of the great avenues to love. The women, naturally susceptible of the softer impressions, are most liable to this passion. They compassionate strongly those whom they see suffer; and it is a weak side, of which the men take advantage, who feign sufferings, to bring them to

to real ones. Pity, then, like charity, should begin at home.

Plaintive.---The style of lovers is ever a plaintive one. A lover is naturally a querulous animal. Complaints of one sort or other fill up the letters and conversations of lovers: and he has not always the most reason to complain, who complains the most.

To Please---Constitutes the whole art of love. It is one of those words that would be obscured by definitions. He who possesses the power of pleasing has every thing that is necessary for his success in love.

Reconciliation.---Some reconciliations are attended with such pleasure, that it is almost worth making a quarrel on purpose, for the sake of the joy of a reconcilement. It is however dangerous to risk this practice so often as to stale it; for it may happen that the reconciliation may never come.

Reputation.---One of the great centinels upon female virtue.

Resistance---In love, as in war, is often only art in the governor of a place, to raise the importance, and obtain the honours of war, for a fortress from the first intended to be given up.

Respect.---True love never goes without respect; and its counterfeit is often obliged to feign it, till an occasion serves to throw it out of the windows.

Sighs---Are useful interjections in the love language. They are of special service to save the modest fair one the pain of pronouncing those dreadful decisive words, "I love you." They are very tiresome, however, when a languorous lover

"Vents only in deep sighs his am'rous flame."

They are a very uncurrent coin, when employed by the men: thus, when a lover whines out, "Cannot my sighs move you to pity me?" he deserves to be pitied indeed!

Sun.---

Sun.---All comparisons of one's mistress to the sun, the stars, &c. are out of date. They are all so hackneyed, that even poetry rejects them. One modern poet, indeed, has ventured to compare his mistress to the sun, because, like him, she was a common benefit, and shone on all alike.

Toilette.---A woman may admit a lover to her toilette, when she is sure of the effect of her charms. It is like the artful confidence of a secret that one is certain will do one honour. When a woman suffers herself to be surprised at her toilette, it is as much as to say, "I have, as to my beauty, a clear conscience; it is all honestly my own; and I am the more sure of doing execution with it, for its not having the air of murder propense." But when it comes to that dismal time of its being a necessity to make a face, the dressing-room door is well bolted till the operation is over.

Vanity---Has brought more virtues to an untimely end than any other vice. A woman whose vanity is hurt by the apprehended desertion of a lover, to keep him will very often take the very step which will bring on that desertion; and, in the loss of her virtue, rob her of all real foundation for vanity for the future.

Verses.---They were formerly in great vogue in love: at present, they are generally exploded. It is enough that a lover vents his nonsense in poetical prose.

Unaccountable.---It is the *je ne sçai quoi* of the French, and a term often used like fate, stars, destiny, &c. The true sense of which is, when a woman will do what she will do; and instead of owning the ridiculousness of her passion for a worthless object, she pleads an unaccountable liking or impulse; and prefers renouncing her reason, and building a system on no foundation, to the painful task of controuling her inclination, and subordinating her heart to her duty.

Winning.---How winning you are! The English of this is, How weak am I!

Wish.---

Wish.---I wish I could love you, in the mouth of a fair one, signifies, "I actually do love you."

I wish I could hate you, signifies precisely the same as above.

Women.---Women compose the world's necessary half. Their destination is, to please, to be lovely, and to be loved. Those who do not love them are yet more blameable than those who love them too much. There is no definition can reach them. Every man's experience must be his interpreter of them; but this may be said with great justice of them, that far the greatest part of them incite their lovers to all that is virtuous and honourable. No woman worth loving ever loved a coward or an abject villain. It is generally the fault of the men when a commerce with them becomes pernicious or dishonourable.

Youth.---All the eloquence of the Ciceros and Demosthenes' is not equal to the natural eloquence of youth. The glare of it blinds one to its faults. Its privileges are numberless. There is no atonement or compensation received in love for the want of it. It is the greatest merit, and often the only one, that is required to succeed. No wonder then that women take such pains to preserve the appearance of it long after the substance is departed. In vain; there is no retrieving nor repairing it. There is no second bloom in nature, nor procurable by art. The attempting it is a joke, and a stale one: yet women are fools enough to have the rage of giving their decline a new ridicule, by their ever fruitless endeavours to conceal it.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XXIII.

LADY Anna Halket was born at London, Jan. 4, 1622. She was the daughter of Mr. Robert Murray, a descendant of the Earl of Tullibardin's family; as her mo-

ther, Jane Drummond, was of the Earl of Perth's, two antient families in Scotland.

Her father was so complete a gentleman, that king James VI. of Scotland, and I. of England, chose him as a preceptor to his second son, afterwards king Charles I.; who, in regard to the great improvement he received from him in the several parts of polite literature, made him provost of Eton College.

Her mother was eminent for her prudence and virtue, and, by the king and queen's verbal order, was made subgoverness to the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, during the time that the Countess of Roxburgh went and continued beyond sea with the Princess Royal; and after the death of the said Countess, she succeeded to her office by warrant from the signet. They who were qualified for such eminent trust, must be supposed equally capable to take care of the education of their own children; as they undoubtedly did. Anna was put under the tuition of proper masters to be instructed in the French language, music, &c.

Divinity was her principal study, next to which her chief delight seems to have been in the knowledge and practice of physic and surgery, in both which she was a great proficient; nay, some of the best physicians in the kingdom did not think themselves slighted, when persons of the first quality consulted her in their distempers, even when they attended them as their ordinary physicians. Many from England, Holland, and the remotest parts of the kingdom, in desperate or dangerous cases, have sent to her for medicines of her preparing; and many, who had been given over by physicians, were, by the physicians' own advice, recommended to, and recovered by, her care and skill.

She was a staunch royalist, and a great sufferer on that account; but having thoroughly learned the duty of resignation, she drew from it such supports as enabled her contentedly and cheerfully to submit to all her sufferings.

She

She was the most diligent searcher of the scriptures; with which she was so well acquainted, by long and frequent converse, as to be able readily to urge any point of faith or duty of christian practice of the most pertinent passages; and digested all her knowledge into a solid principle of true wisdom, for regulating her own life, and the edification of others.

Her piety was neither morose nor affected, but free and ingenuous, accompanied with sweetness and gentleness: her gravity and seriousness had a grace and air so agreeable, as begot both reverence and love.

On March 2, 1656, she was married to Sir James Halket, a gentleman of great generosity and sweetness of temper, by whom she had four children, two sons and two daughters; all of whom, except her eldest son Robert, died while young. Whenever she found herself pregnant, she dedicated the fruit of her womb to God. When big with her first child, being apprehensive she should die in childbirth, she wrote that which she called *The mother's will to the unborn child*, containing excellent instructions. She was Sir James's wife 14 years, and his widow 28. And having lived to a good old age in the constant exercise of all the good offices and duties of a christian, she departed this life April 22, 1699.

The catalogue of her writings, as we find them drawn up at the end of her life, is as follows:

First book in folio bound, of 152 pages, containing these following subjects. 1. Meditations and Prayers upon the Miracles wrought by our Lord Jesus Christ, recorded by St. John. 2. Of Meditation, Prayer, and Practice. 3. Meditations upon one Verse of every Psalm, continued to the 50th Psalm. 4. A short Meditation on the Lord's Supper. 5. Meditations and Vows, Psalm lvi. v. 12, 13. Written on some remaining leaves of this book upon her deliverance from the danger of child-birth, June 13, 1658.

The second book in folio bound, of 376 pages, containing these following subjects, written 1649, 1650. 1. Meditations

ditations and Resolutions fit to be put in Practice, in twenty chapters. 2. Meditations on the Lord's Supper, and private Prayers. 3. Select Contemplations on Thirty several texts of Scripture. 4. The Soul's Progress. 5. The original and use of Scripture. 6. The Soul's Remembrancer.

The third book in folio, unbound, of 59 pages, written 1651. Meditations on the 25th Psalm.

The fourth book in folio, unbound, of 73 pages, written 1652. Meditations on Death, from Hebrews ix. v. 27.

The fifth book in folio, bound, of 150 pages, written from 1653 to 1675, contains these subjects. 1. A short Expostulation about Prayer. 2. The great Conquest and Power of Faith on the First of John, 5, 4. 3. Meditations on the 143d Psalm. 4. Elisha's Request granted. 5. The Mother's Will to the unborn Child.

The sixth book in 8vo. bound, written from 1657 to 1660. Containing 35 select and occasional meditations intermixed. The select meditations are, 1. On Hypocrisy. 2. Upon the Sacrament. 3. Upon Riches. 4. Upon the Second of Chronicles, ch. 28. v. 10. 5. Upon Beauty. 6. Upon Poverty. 7. Upon Imagination. 8. Upon the Power of Faith, from Mark, chap. 16. v. 17, 18. 9. Upon Covetousness. 10. Upon the Failings of great Professors. The occasional meditations are upon several public and private occurrences; whereof the two last are upon the change of public affairs, and upon the return of the king, May 1660.

The seventh book in quarto, bound, of —— pages, written 1661, and 1662. 1st Part contains 15 Meditations on public and private Occurrences. 2nd Part contains select Meditations on the following subjects. 1. Meditations and Prayers on the Festival Days observed in the Church of England. 2. Meditations on the twelfth chapter of Isaiah. 3. Meditations on Psalm 34, v. 1, 2, 3, 4, after childbirth.

The eighth book in quarto, bound, of 315 pages, 1663, 1664, and 1665. 1st Part containing Select Meditations and

and Prayers upon the First Week, with Observations on each Day's Creation, and Considerations on the Seven Capital Vices to be opposed, and their opposite Virtues to be studied and practised.

Vices to be subdued.		Virtues to be learned.
Pride.	*Sunday.*	Humility.
Covetousness.	*Monday.*	Contentation.
Lust.	*Tuesday.*	Chastity.
Envy.	*Wednesday.*	Charity.
Gluttony.	*Thursday.*	Temperance.
Anger.	*Friday.*	Patience.
Sloth.	*Saturday.*	Diligence.

2nd Part, 15 Occasional Meditations on public and private Occurrences.

The ninth book in quarto, bound, of 452 pages, written from 1666 to 1670. 1st Part contains 23 Occasional Meditations on public and private Occurrences, to page 140. 2nd Part, Select Meditations. 1. On Hebrews 13, and 5 verse. Let your conversation, &c. 2. On the First of Samuel, 4 chap. and 22 v. The Glory is departed, &c. 3. On Psalm 18, and the 20 v. The Lord reward me, &c. 4. On the First of Corinthians, chap. 13. 7 v. Beareth all things, &c. 5. On Jeremiah 35, 18 and 19 v. Jeremiah said to the, &c. 6. On the First of Corinthians, 6, 11. Such were some of you, &c. 7. Instructions to her Son. 8. Confessions, Prayers and Supplications, Promises and Duties, Characters and Blessings of the Righteous; Thanksgivings and Praise, and Resolutions; all in Scripture Terms.

The tenth book in quarto, bound, of 336 pages, written 1673 and 1674. 1st Part, Select Meditations to page 14 on these subjects. 1. The Widow's Mite, relating partly to the King. 2. Meditations and Resolutions upon the Devout Widow Anna; Luke, chap. 2d. 36, 37, 38 verses. In which are Observations on the Lord's Prayer, Creed

and Decalogue. 3. Meditations and Resolutions, First of Corinthians, chap. 1, 12 and 13 verses. Occasioned by the great Rent in this Church. 2nd Part, 32 Occasional Meditations on private and public Occurrences.

The eleventh book in quarto, containing 371 pages, written in 1675 and 1676. 1. The true Balm. 2. Meditations and Observations on the Book of Judges. 3. Upon the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Luke 22, 18.

The twelfth book in quarto, containing 380 pages, written in 1677 and 1678. 1. The Art of Divine Chymistry. 2. The Rule for Thought, Word, and Actions. 3. Meditations on the 106 Psalm, v. 4, 5. 4. Meditations and Prayers concerning the King.

The thirteenth book in quarto, containing 505 pages, written in the years 1678, 1679, 1680, and 1681. Joseph's Tryal and Triumph; being observations on the whole history of Joseph, with particular applications to her own case.

The fourteenth book in quarto contains 556 pages, written in the years 1682 and 1683. 1. The Fruits of the Spirit compared with the Fruits of the Tree of Life. 2. Reflections and Meditations on 2 Chron. ch. 28. Upon the First of Kings, ch. 17. On the Blessed Virgin. On Jeremiah, 15, 50 v. On Jeroboam's Sin. On Psalm 29, 9 v. On Jeremiah 30; 21, 22, v. On John, 13 ch. 15 ver. 3. Occasional Meditations.

The fifteenth book in quarto contains 378 pages, written in the years 1684 and 1685. 1. Meditations on the Book of Jonah. 2. Meditations on the Times of David's Prayers, &c. 3. Meditations on Paul's Conversion, and what is recorded of him in the Acts, to the 23d Chapter. Continuation of the same, in a stitched book in quarto, containing 136 pages, written in the year 1686.

The sixteenth book in quarto contains 392 pages, written in the years 1687 and 1688. 1. Meditations on what is recorded of St. Peter in the Gospels. 2. Meditations on the Passion of our Lord; divided into seven Periods,

Periods, according to the Days of the Week. 3. Occasional Meditations.

The seventeenth book in quarto contains 372 pages, written 1689. Meditations on what is recorded of Moses and Samuel.

The eighteenth book in quarto contains 370 pages, written in the years 1690, 1691, and 1692. 1. Occasional Meditations to page 82. 2. Meditations on the Book of Nehemiah. 3. Observations on several good Women mentioned in Scripture,---Eve, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah, Miriam; the daughters of Zelophehad, Ruth, Hannah, Bathsheba, Deborah, Hulda, the Woman of Canaan, Matth. 5. Mary Magdalen, Mary and Martha, Elizabeth, the Virgin Mary.

The nineteenth book in quarto contains 377 pages, written in the years 1693, 1694, and 1695. 1. Upon Watchfulness, Matth. 25, 13 v. 2. Restraining the Tongue, Psalm 39. 3. Avoiding Carefulness, Phil. 4; 6, 7, v. 4 The Grace of God and its Effects; Titus 2; 11, 12, 13. v. 5. Upon Prayer. 6. Upon Leviticus 19, 2 v. Ye shall be holy, &c. 7. Occasional Meditations. 8. Upon the Man of God. First of Kings, chap. 13. 9. Serious Thoughts upon the by-past years since 1688. 10. Upon Contentment, Phil. 4, 11 v. 11. God's Husbandry, 1 Cor. 3, 9 v. 12. Upon Psalm 139; 23, 24. Search me, &c. 13. Upon Matthew 11, 29, 30. Take my Yoke, &c. 14. Occasional Meditations.

The twentieth book in quarto contains 373 pages, written in the years 1696 and 1697. 1. Some Reflections concerning them that are seduced. 2. Meditations on Exodus 3, 14 v. I am that I am: I am the Bread of Life: The Light of the World: The Door of the Sheep: The good Shepherd: The Resurrection: The Way, Truth, and Life: The true Vine: with prayers accommodated. 3. Meditations, Deuteronomy 8, 2 v. Thou shalt remember all the Way, &c. 4. Upon Romans 13, 8 v. Owe no Man,

Man, &c. Isai. 40, 13 v. But they that wait, &c. 5. Meditations on the Book of Esther. 6. Occasional Meditations.

The twenty-first book in quarto contains 351 pages, written in the years 1698 and 1699. 1. Meditations on the Articles of the Creed. 2. Meditations on Ephesians 4; 30, 31, 32, v. Upon 1 Corinth. 15, 58 v. Upon Naaman, 2 Kings, 5 ch. 3. A probable Conjecture concerning the Calling of the Jews. 4. Upon Christ's forty Days Fasting, Matth, ch. 4, begun February 22, 1699, being Ash-wednesday, but not finished. 5. Occasional Meditations from January 1690, to November 1698.

There are besides the forementioned about thirty stitched books, some in folio, some in quarto, most of them ten or twelve sheets, containing occasional meditations.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

THE severest trials are sometimes the lot of the most amiable, good, and virtuous; when the thoughtless profligate seems to enjoy every blessing that this world can afford. It is a happy circumstance when the innocent sufferer can sustain with fortitude the numberless vicissitudes appointed by the allwise Disposer of events. I am led to make these observations by the late sufferings of a beloved friend.

Juliana B—— was a lady whom I formed a friendship for very early in life. Our affection was reciprocal, and had for its foundation truth and virtue. I must, indeed, have possessed a heart strangely insensible to merit, had I not loved her with the sincerest regard; for in her friendly bosom I could deposit all my joys and all my sorrows, all my hopes and all my fears, without reserve. She possessed a sound judgment and a nice discernment. In her deportment she was polite and engaging; in every action she

she was governed by principles of christianity. Our friendship was a perfect union of hearts. Many years had passed in perfect tranquility, when a circumstance happened in my family that separated us for many years; being compelled to visit a sister kingdom, where unavoidable occurrences prevented my fulfilling the agreement made at our separation, viz. to entertain each other, by carrying on a regular epistolary correspondence.

On my arrival in England, my first care was to renew my friendship with my beloved Juliana. I anticipated the happiness that we should enjoy in each other's company; but what was my disappointment, on inquiry, to learn that she had removed from the beautiful villa I left her in, without leaving the least clue whereby I could discover the place of her residence! Two years passed in the most cruel suspense, when, one day, passing through one of the principal squares, a neat female, after viewing me in a very particular manner, dropped me a submissive curtesy, and passed on. A strong sensibility compelled me to turn and inquire her knowledge of me; when, to my inexpressible pleasure, she informed me that she was a principal domestic of my dear friend's when I was her happy visitant. By her I learned what I had been so long and earnestly in search of. By the deep concern she showed, I was apprised that my friend was unhappy; and finding that I was not far from N—— Street, the place of her residence, I was soon at her dwelling; where, without ceremony, I was referred to the attic story. But, gracious Heaven! what were my sensations at that moment. The scene before me was too distressing to describe. No imagination can conceive the poignancy of my feelings: the power of articulation for a time was suspended; my heart flew to my lips, but the words died away upon my tongue. The extremes of prosperity and adversity here proved how very few could deserve the name of friends. A few years back, my Juliana's situation was such, that no one could suppose the griping hand of penury could ever have reached her. How

sad

sad the reverse! Now penned in a small solitary room, the walls of which, years back, had been covered with paper, now, from the effects of time and damps, hanging in a hundred tatters; the whole furniture, consisting of an old bedstead, &c., without drapery, a writing desk, three chairs, and a table; all in so mutilated a state, that it was scarcely safe to use them. There was no fire, although it was the dreary month of February, and the weather remarkably severe. My indignation was roused against those of her relatives who had been raised to opulence by her bounteous hand; for in its dispensations she knew not what economy was. On my entrance, she arose; but, not recognizing my person, politely inquired my name. A fall of tears, which for my life I could not suppress, soon convinced her. She took my hand, bowing upon it, and pressing it to her lips, and honoured me with the appellation of her beloved friend; with a faint smile requesting to know by what strange good fortune she was favoured with a visit after so long a silence and absence. I satisfied her in every particular, from the time of our separation to the present moment. She saw my distress at her situation, and assured me, with much composure, that she had moved in that humble vale of obscurity near four years; and in that time experience had convinced her, that few, very few, were disposed to fulfil the duties imposed by gratitude.

She obliged me with particulars of her distressing situation, as follows:—Upon the death of her beloved husband, which happened soon after my departure, an investigation was made of his effects; when it was found that the principal part of his large fortune was intrusted in the hands of some relatives very high in the mercantile line, and who, unfortunately, had moved in so splendid a sphere, that on a demand a statute was immediately issued; when there proved so insufficient a sum as not to divide more than one penny in the pound for the numerous creditors: also, a bond of five thousand pounds had been so nefariously cancelled,

celled, that, had a cognizance been taken, the consequence must have been a disgraceful punishment. A heavy mortgage was on the estates, which obliged her to submit her whole property to sale, in order to discharge the numerous demands upon her, as doctors' bills, funeral expenses, servants wages, &c. &c.; and necessity obliged her to leave the country, "bidding a long farewell to all her greatness." These last words were expressed with a deep sigh, and a falling tear, that pierced my very soul. She proceeded. On her arrival in London she caused the principal of her numerous acquaintances to be informed of her unhappy change. Several commiserated her severe trial, and with great humanity alleviated her distress; but the ingrates, her relations, insulted her with bitter reproaches, cruel reflections, and mean taunts. She assured me that she never after troubled them with either her complaints or company. The relation of their cruelties affected her greatly, insomuch that, in an agony, she exclaimed, "Oh! my beloved Anna, to be assailed with so many afflictions in so short a time---the loss of the best of men---my whole fortune, and every friend; all my prospects overclouded, as it were; not a ray of sunshine to enliven my hopes: the weight of these severe trials is almost insupportable."

She continued her narration. Numberless airy castles she erected in her mind; and the last was a severe trial indeed. Charmed by the repeated invitations of advertisements, &c., announcing the greatest encouragement given to every literary production, she was tempted to draw into a novel her own little history, with some embellishment, and a few anecdotes, hoping to find assistance from its sale. She thought that, even if her performance was not deemed capital, she had a chance of moderate reward, as the pompous advertiser vended as many silly trifling productions as the whole profession besides. She waited on that prattling patron of literature, and was flattered with pleasing assurances of success, which surpassed her most sanguine expectations. Six weeks passed, when,

when, not hearing from him according to promise, she ventured to call; when a multiplicity of business was assigned as the cause of delay: another six weeks passed, when she again waited on him; but, to her extreme disappointment, learned from an attendant that there were sixteen manuscripts before her's; that they must pass in rotation; and that it was not possible to ascertain the time when a final answer could be given.

This deception almost broke the heart of my worthy friend. After a time she offered her manuscript to another gentleman of the profession, who only required a month to peruse it; but on returning it assured her that he had discovered, by some private signature, that it had been returned from the M—— press, and that it was his resolution never to encourage any productions refused by Mr. ——. Mr. H——, of Bond Street, she was next advised to address: that gentleman, with great candour and sympathetic concern, assured her, that the season was so far advanced, that there was not a probability of succeeding that year, as all the works of that description were chosen, and in the press.

With the most poignant sorrow she made her melancholy case known to a friend, whose learning and knowledge of divine truths were equal to those of any gentleman existing. He recommended her to turn her thoughts to religious subjects, and kindly offered her his assistance. An excellent treatise was presented to some ladies famed for the encouragement of sacred writings; when, after repeated calls, they assured her that their places of devotion were crowded with pamphlets compiled by gospel ministers, whose sentiments were similar to those which she had presented, and, therefore, kindly advised her to suppress the publication by all means; and, with pious admonition, recommended her to offer her thoughts in some literary production to the society of the E————l Magazine, which might in time admit her as a sacred writer. But she never could recover her treatise from the ladies.

With

With this mortifying counsel she retired; her spirits depressed, and her pride so humbled, that all hope had long vanished as to literary promotion.

☞ If, Sir, you should be generous enough to favour this with a place in your MONTHLY MUSEUM, as a simple but faithful relation of absolute facts, it may not be without its good effects, both on my friend and on the world at large; who will see exemplified the instability of fortune; and, beholding virtue thus lowly and unmeritedly depressed, be led to a conviction respecting the doctrine of rewards for virtue in a better world.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
And constant reader,
ANNA C——.

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. XI.

TRANSLATION.

To the Honourable T. Touchy, Esq. President of the Inspection Society, Honorary Member of the Inquisitorial Committee of Reformation, Paris, D.F. &c. &c.

Semper enim ex aliis alias proseminat usus.
MANIL.

"Much praise, much favour, he will ever find,
"Whose useful lessons mended all mankind."

Honourable Sir,

I HAVE the pleasure to say your last packet reached us safe, wherein you enumerated some of the discoveries and improvements you have made on our mutual subject; such as apply here we will immediately adopt. In our society we have passed the climax, and supported the cause honourably under the accumulated vengeance of an army of amazons. Our enemies on their own ground we

saw, fought, and conquered, and now remain victors in sole possession of the field: they intended to batter down the strong fortifications of reason with the fire balls of revenge; but from the great rarity of the balls they were unable to reach our outer works; and, falling upon their magazine of frenzy, set the whole building in flames, to the terror and destruction of the assailants. Women will aim at being absolute, though to their bitter cost: the Ostriches of France and the proud Peahens of England disdain to confess a foible; but they shall know and feel their duty: to effect this important point we are supported by several characters of the first distinction, among whom are the Count de C——, Chevalier F——, Citizen De la M——, &c., &c.; nay, we are even patronized by the Fair.

"Imperious woman must or love or hate,
"Through good or ill ambitious to be great."

Amongst our Fair Patronesses we may enumerate the illustrious characters, the Countess de C——, Madame de R——, Lady P——, &c., &c., &c.; these with several others have virtuously engaged to "smile a reformation," and afford us the most ample intelligence; and as woman, from the sympathy of Nature, must best know how to discern a woman's feelings, so we have appropriated to our Fair Sisters the entire and absolute dominion of the modes of dress, and their decision is final and irrevocable. I will not trouble you with displaying the utility of our plan, but may observe, that delicacy and modesty are the touchstones of fashion and novelty. Our only desideratum on this score is a work similar to the LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM; its fame, like your's, exults triumphant, beyond mediocrity, and superior to detraction; and becomes the only British work that lays claim to universal patronage: this elegant, interesting, and valuable acquisition to a lady's library, is in such high estimation here, that on account of it an English preceptor becomes fashionable; and we have the work as regularly

gularly as our convulsed times will permit. We were highly gratified with the feeble stigmas of a puny champion, as we expected the thunder of your vengeance to shatter that excrescence of infidelity to atoms; but how were we surprized to find you gain a victory without a blow---to rest as unconcerned beneath the bellowing of a maniac as the menaces of a lap-dog.

But, ascending from these trifling minutiæ to subjects of higher importance: I have the honour to acquaint you, that the doctrine of the passions, and their seemingly infinite eccentricities, is now reduced to a regular system, by which the source of every action can be traced with as great certainty and infallible accuracy as any demonstration in Euclid. We have far, very far, transcended Lavater and all his commentators; it is impossible for you to conceive how simple the theory, and the broad basis it rests upon: but, however, that the world may be generally benefited by this most interesting discovery, we will lay it explained in a proper form before the feet of your royal and sacred Majesty Queen Charlotte, and under her sanction usher it to the world. Amongst the innumerable sources of information therein contained, you will find that it is equally natural for a man to be a gallant as for a woman to be a coquette; and, indeed, that they must both be so from the elementary principles of Nature. The deductions are all formed philosophically on the fixed and unalterable principles of Nature, and we have the honour to see this bold innovation received with transport: how much more amiable, then, would the British ladies be, did they deign to follow so illustrious a pattern, and, instead of imagining us set apart for detraction, impartially view the rectitude of our decisions, and from thence form an opinion of our merits! Are they not aware that virtue becomes more amiable in the contemplation, and interesting in possession, and that guilt alone creeps trembling from the face of day? and we trust,

if ridicule cannot force levity to shame, they will just consider---when they shrink from an impartial discussion, it is at least the index of a culpable soul.

I have the honour to be, &c.

DUMAINE, *President, &c.*

Paris, May 1801.

THE MONITOR.

Aurea sunt verè nunc secula plurimus auro
Venit honos: auro conciliatur amor.

OVID.

Hence all ye troubles, vanish into air,
And all the wrinkled family of care.

TIBULL.

WHILE the revolving seasons roll in rapid succession, the beautifully variegated face of Nature not only proclaims an allwise and superintending Providence, but affords an ample field of contemplation for our mental faculties, and an extensive source of exercise for our animal powers. At each returning period the eye is delighted with the infinitely varied and wonderful regularity of the productions of Nature; but uninterrupted delight is not the portion of man. Nature, though profuse in her bounties, must be assisted in her operations; and the various seasons are accompanied with demands for vigilance and unremitted exertions: these, when pursued even with proper moderation, often produce pain and weariness; and if indulged to excess, is too often productive of unwarrantable anxiety and ungenerous actions.

But the great Parent of Nature has so wisely disposed events in the natural world, that, as we pass through life, much happiness is attainable; while in health and the vigour of life, diligence and activity add much to our felicity; they conduce to health, promote virtue, honesty, and simplicity of

of manners; give a relish to the bounties of Providence, and reconcile us to misfortune.

A diligent and prudent course of life not only presents us with prompt reward, but bids the mind in ecstacy rejoice that a Father is beyond the sky; and as future prospects are the grand stimulus to action, those prospects are brightened, and become animated in proportion to our prudent exertions.

Happiness is, undoubtedly, the primary and ultimate object of all; but how varied the means adopted for its acquirement! Grupeo is indefatigable in business---wealth---wealth is his God. To counteract Grupeo's avarice, his only son, the gay Florimant devotes every moment to dissipation and sensual gratification. Grupeo saves a pound---Florimant spends a thousand; and they both fall, alike detested and unworthy to be remembered. Some never arrive at the summit of their wishes until they see their fellow-creatures bowing before them to solicit justice; while others felicitate themselves on an obscurity from the unmerited frowns of an invidious public, enjoying the sweets of domestic life; their mental defects undiscovered by the world, their honest opinions uncontroverted by the snarling cynic, the cultivation of the mind and refinement of the manners steal imperceptibly away the moments of this happy seclusion. Unlike the mind soured with trifles, of manners rough and austere, morals depraved, and the understanding a mere vacuum, they deem solitude the highest terrestrial bliss. But there are yet some of a still more serious turn of mind, who, fully sensible that perfect happiness is incompatible with the nature of man, extend their views to the permanent felicity exhibited in the christian revelation.

Amongst those who make honour the cardinal point at which they aim, but few attain the object of their wishes; an ardent thirst for fame in any man is a strong argument that he is in some measure disqualified for the promotion he seeks: he is apt, notwithstanding his labour and art, to discover some traits of ambition in those on

whose suffrage he depends; he is naturally suspected of incompetency and interested design, and a more judicious disinterested person is generally selected as his rival: but should such a man by the fraudulent measures of art and intrigue obtain his wishes, his conspicuous station discovers the restless ambition of a haughty mind; and, instead of his procuring that reverence and respect which he courted, his exit resembles that of the imperious Haman.

In what station, then, does happiness choose to dwell?---in mediocrity. A competency of the necessaries of life, obtained by diligent and honest endeavours, is more conducive to our present comfort than the luxury of affluence or the threadbare joys of poverty. Contentment is a feast; and it argues not only an ungrateful but an ungenerous temper to murmur and repine because our neighbour's fields yield a more plenteous crop, or his trees are more richly laden with fruit than our's. We should always consider industry as a duty, and carefully avoid the bane of anxiety. When we have done what we conveniently could to-day, we may cheerfully leave the remainder to a future time: in short, we ought never to suffer the ordinary labours of life to disturb our necessary repose, or encroach on the hours sacred to devotion.

N.

Stockton, 1801.

REMARKS AND CAUTIONS RESPECTING CATS.

[From Dr. Willich's Domestic Encyclopædia.]

THOUGH originally a variety of the wild cat, one of the most ferocious brutes, this animal is now domesticated, and bred in Britain, as well as in other parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa, of which countries it is a native. The former inhabits hollow trees, especially the oaks of large forests, and in winter retreats to the deserted holes of foxes and badgers. Its skin is an excellent fur, but

but by no means compensates the damage done by wild cats to game and poultry.

The domestic cat, when suffered to retire to thickets, easily returns to a wild state. Its colour is uncommonly diversified; but the most beautiful varieties are, the reddish Spanish cat, and that of Angora, with long silken hair. A tame cat generally attains the age of about twelve years; the female breeds in the first year; though it grows till eighteen months old; she usually produces from four to six blind kittens, after a gestation of fifty-five days; and carefully conceals them, apprehensive of the unnatural voracity of the male. It is further remarkable, that the female also has been observed to devour her offspring, when it happened to be deformed, or monstrous.

The flesh of animals, or fish, is the most agreeable food to cats; for they partake of vegetable aliment only from necessity. As they chew with difficulty, frequent drink is indispensably requisite to the preservation of their health. There are, however, some plants of which they are excessively fond; and when indulged with them, present a variety of whimsical gesticulations: of this nature is the valerian root, and the herb called nep, or cat-mint, the *nepeta cataria*, L.: on the contrary, they shun other vegetables as their mortal enemies; for instance, the common rue, or *ruta gravcolens*, L. Any substance rubbed with the leaves of this plant, is said to be perfectly secure from their depredations: for the communication of this useful fact, in domestic life, we are indebted to C. P. Funke, a German naturalist.

Cats enjoy a warm temperature, and a soft couch;---moisture and filth, as well as water and cold, are equally repugnant to their nature; hence they are continually cleaning themselves with their paws and tongue. Another peculiarity is, the purring of these animals when they are cajoled or flattered, by passing the hand over their backs: this singular noise is performed by means of two elastic membranes in the larynx, or the upper part of the windpipe. Their hair is so electric, that the expanded skin of a cat

a cat makes an excellent cushion for the glass cylinder, or globe, of an electrifying machine.

The flesh of cats is eaten by several nations, but the substance of the brain is said to be poisonous. From the intestines of these animals are manufactured the celebrated Roman chords, for covering the violin.

With respect to their peculiarities, we shall remark, that cats possess a very acute sense of both smell and sight; by the structure of their eyes, which sparkle in the dark, they are better enabled to discover objects of prey, such as mice and rats, at night, than in the day-time: hence they ought not to be luxuriously fed, if kept for the destruction of those vermin. It is, however, to be regretted that this useful domestic creature is one of the most deceitful companions. Constantly bent on theft and rapine, the cat is a compound of cunning and dissimulation, seizes every opportunity of doing mischief, and flies from punishment when detected. It is, therefore, not a little surprizing that many elderly ladies are so partial to these quadrupeds, that they will even suffer them to sleep in the same bed; a practice fraught with considerable danger, as the exhalation of cats is extremely detrimental to the lungs; besides which, they are liable to hydrophobia, as well as the more faithful dog. For these reasons, we would advise parents not to permit their children to play for hours with these animals, even though the swallowing of cat's hair should not be attended with such bad effects as many are inclined to believe.

Lastly, Whether the marvellous stories concerning the revengeful disposition of cats be well founded or otherwise, it cannot be doubted that many judicious persons have so invincible an antipathy against these creatures, that they have been known to faint in rooms where cats were concealed; and that no arguments were sufficient to efface the impression. We are, therefore, decidedly of opinion, that great precaution ought to be used in the treatment

treatment of the purring tribe; and, instead of provoking them to malice and anger, it will be more prudent to keep them at a due distance.

A DESCANT ON SENSIBILITY.

SENSIBILITY, thou source of human woes, thou aggrandiser of evils, had I not been possessed of thee, how calmly might my days have passed! yet would I not part with thee for worlds. We will abide together, both pleased and pained with each other. Thou shalt ever have a place in my heart, be the sovereign of my affections, and the friend of my virtue. Where thou pointest the way, I will cheerfully follow. Lead me to the abodes of misery, to the scenes of distress, nay, to the field of battle, that cold bed of honour. My tears shall bathe the hero's wound; my advice revive the desponding widow, while my arms secure and protect the timid orphan: I may find the house of mourning to be the porch of wisdom, and the throbs of agony may prove the most convincing monitors. Weeds shall yield me instruction, and the discernment of misfortune shall caution me against the paths which inevitably terminate in it.

Does the fond father, whose years have tinselled his locks with silver, mourn the loss of a promising son, I will tenderly administer comfort, by informing him that the youth whom he deplores is far happier than his lamentations, in one sense, seem to wish him. Early snatched from care, perhaps from dependance, his desires are satisfied, and his rest undisturbed. In the bosom of peace each murmur is forgotten. The sable and deep waters of death, while they serenely flow into the vales of paradise on the one hand, by rolling their boisterous waves against the opposite shore of time, prove an insuperable obstacle to the entrance of pain. Hoary sage, be sparing of thy tears---

thy

thy son is happy!---what wouldest thou more? In yon narrow cell no curst ambition, with flame insatiate shall damp the generous purpose of the soul; no mean avarice nor selfish passion debase the heart or sour the temper; no material loss sustained shall hurt a child; no injury received shall grieve a relative, or steep a loving spouse's couch in briny woe; no dissimulation tinge his own tongue, or guilty passion wound his breast. Is this his real state? Then, tell me, if not from the mercy-seat, whence issued the high decree? As a man, sustain the shock; as a christian, adore!

But, ah! why weeps the tender mother? Are her hopes blasted, and her very desires laid in the tomb? How blooming and how gay! how faded and how dull!

She, sighing, says---Painful recollection! was this the once admired Lavinia, who, soon as she attracted the eye, subdued the heart? Insatiate archer, could neither youth nor beauty save! Approach Lavinia's bier, ye dissipated young, who spend hours at the toilet in adorning your person, or painting your faces, and view where beauty lies; blend the colour of mortality with your rouge, and encrust its precepts on your heart. Lavinia, lately the pride and delight of her friends, now the object of their deepest sorrow! Ah! turn aside, ye mourners! behold the maid!--she is not dead, but sleepeth!---a little while, and she shall arise more lovely than the morning, more graceful than the queens of earth. Arrayed in spotless innocence, she shall come forth, and chide your murmurings for her glorious change. Ere misfortune had forced the sigh, or deceit stained the mind, she was conducted by angels to the abodes of joy, and seated by the prince of love in the bowers of paradise.

Humanity must feel, but reason checks the overflowings of grief; religion marks the bound; sensibility lends the tear; misfortunes lead to wisdom, but how painful the road---at every step a thorn pierces, or an adder stings. Happy those, who, trusting to the experience of others, are not foolishly wise for themselves. Be advised, ye

ye young; be instructed, ye gay, ye fair! Take of the fruit already gathered, lest a serpent lurk in the grass, and you feel too late the venom of his sting.

Abandoned to shades and solitude, condemned to pass her days in obscurity, and her nights in sorrow, Calista had not been, but for a fatal mistake. Vice assumed the mask of pleasure, and easily imposed on the too credulous fair. Triumph not in her weakness, ye sons of reason! It is your duty to support, but it is you who oppress.

Let me ever share the woes I cannot relieve, and bestow the pity I would wish in like circumstances to share. Never may my breast be callous, or my lips forget the law of mutual sympathy and kindness. Swift be my feet when the cry of calamity pierces my ear, and powerful be my efforts in easing the plaints of virtue. Even when it might be just to be severe, may I remember that sarcasm is a bitter portion, and to be administered only by those who have no foibles of their own.

Insensibility, thou idol of fools, I detest thy very name! thou bane of bliss---from incapability of enjoyment be thou never mine; but at two periods, if they should ever arrive (which kind Heaven avert), then spread thy influence over every sense, and screen me from myself in the dreary mantle of forgetfulness!

THE MERITS AND ADVANTAGES OF INCONSTANCY IN FEMALES.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM not about to prove the ladies not inconstant---far be it from me to contradict so known a truth; but that inconstancy (the characteristic of the female sex) is a bad quality, I will utterly disprove. I believe it will readily be granted, that the best things have their changes: the heavens are in continual rotation, the stars move, nor is any

any thing more variable than the moon: fire, air, water, have their peculiar motions. The earth altereth her appearance with the year, and time never continues in one stay. Thus the whole system of the universe is but a scene of mutability. Besides, as the lightest colour is capable of taking most dyes, the men of the quickest wit change their opinion oftenest; while dull blockheads plod on in the same beaten track, nor ever deviate into sense. If women, therefore, are more changeable in their tempers than the men, it proceeds only from their having more wisdom. A change in every thing but woman is counted pleasing; why, then, should her inconstancy be an imperfection? Some will alledge, because by that she deceives her lovers. That lover who has been deceived by his mistress, and accuses her of inconstancy, as of a crime, must have a bad taste for wit: for are not your wits most pleased with those jests which delude their expectation? The inconstancy of woman is past finding out, and past accounting for. The rotation and changes of stars, moon, and heavens, are perfectly known, and a certainty has been drawn from their mutability. But what philosopher will pretend to prognosticate when a woman will vary her mind? I hope no true Englishman will be against their countrywomens changeable dispositions, as they are lovers of liberty; for that is their boasted liberty of mind, which no father can command, no husband can controul. They (as an old wit has humorously described) are like the sun, which is violently carried one way, yet hath a proper course quite contrary. Inconstancy in the fair is an antidote for the inconstancy in men; for some *beaus esprits* are of that nice taste, as to be weary of a thing as soon as they come to the knowledge of it; and women can never be so well known, but still more will remain unknown. Thus women, by their inconstancy, are born to humble the pride of wit, making fools wise in adventuring to win them; wise men fools, in losing their labour; and wits mad, being perplexed with their uncertainties. Therefore philosophers write

write against inconstancy, because it proves them ignorant; and poets rail at it, to show their parts. In my opinion all men are happy that women are inconstant; for by this means even I or you, Mr. Editor, may have the chance to be beloved by some reigning toast (when it comes to our turn), merely out of their inconstancy, which we could never hope for from our own desert. I therefore subscribe myself an admirer of inconstancy.

RALPH WEATHERCOCK.

Lieut. Colebrooke's Account of

AN EXTRAORDINARY CEREMONY,

Annually performed in the Nicobar Islands, in honour of the Dead.

[*Extracted from* THE ASIATIC RESEARCHES, *lately published.*]

ON the anniversary of this festival, if it can be so called, their houses are decorated with garlands of flowers, fruits, and branches of trees. The people of each village assemble, drest in their best attire, at the principal house in the place, where they spend the day in a convivial manner; the men, sitting apart from the women, smoke tobacco and intoxicate themselves; while the latter are nursing their children, and employed in preparations for the mournful business of the night. At a certain hour of the afternoon, announced by striking the *Gong*, the women set up the most dismal howls and lamentations, which they continue without intermission till about sunset; when the whole party get up, and walk in procession to the burying-ground. Arrived at the place, they form a circle around one of the graves, when a stake, planted exactly over the head of the corpse, is pulled up. The woman who is nearest a kin to the deceased, steps out from the crowd, digs up the skull, and draws it up with her hands. At sight of the bones, her strength seems to fail her; she shrieks, she sobs; and tears of anguish abun-

dantly fall on the mouldering object of her pious care. She clears it from the earth, scrapes off the festering flesh, and laves it plentifully with the milk of fresh cocoa-nuts, supplied by the by-standers; after which she rubs it over with an infusion of saffron, and wraps it carefully in a piece of new cloth. It is then deposited again in the earth and covered up; the stake is replanted, and hung with the various trappings and implements belonging to the deceased. They proceed then to the other graves; and the whole night is spent in repetitions of these dismal and disgustful rites.

On the morning following, the ceremony is concluded by an offering of many fat swine; when the sacrifice made to the dead affords an ample feast to the living: they besmear themselves with the blood of the slaughtered hogs, and some, more voracious than others, eat the flesh raw. They have various ways, however, of dressing their meat, but always eat it without salt. A kind of paste made of the *melóri* serves them for bread; and they finish their repast with copious potations of *taury*.

The Nicobareans are hospitable and honest, and are remarkable for a strict observance of truth, and for punctuality in adhering to their engagements. Such crimes as theft, robbery, and murder, are unknown in these islands; but they do not want spirit to revenge their injuries, and will fight resolutely and slay their enemies, if attacked or unjustly dealt with. Their only vice, if this failing can be so called, is inebriation; but in their cups they are generally jovial and good-humoured. It sometimes, however, happens at their feasts, that the men of different villages fall out; and the quarrel immediately becomes general. In these cases they terminate their differences in a pitched battle, where the only weapons used are long sticks, of a hard and knotty wood. With these they drub one another most heartily, till, no longer able to endure the conflict, they mutually put a stop to the combat, and all get drunk again.

THE

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[Extracted from "The Two Princes of Persia," a work addressed to Youth, by J. Porter.]

WHEN Sadi entered the pavilion of study, instead of seeing the princes at their lessons, he beheld Omra standing before a high mirror, which reflected to his eyes the several graces of his fine shape.

At some distance from the prince, reclining on a sofa, lay Behauder, singing a plaintive air to the strings of his lute, which he was touching with entrancing softness.

Sadi stood mute at the threshold. Behauder rose from his position, and, with the instrument still in his hand, bowed to his preceptor.

Omra, ignorant that any one had entered, continued to adjust the folds of his turban, and to pinch his black eyebrows into the semblance of Diana's bow.

Sadi advanced to the middle of the apartment. "Young men! are these proper employments for the moments of youth? Have you, Omra, no sublimer subject to investigate, than your own corporeal beauty! And you, Behauder, have the spheres of Heaven ceased their harmony, that you thus steal the hours from their contemplation, to hearken to the jingling of those chords?"

The two princes blushed with confusion.

"Stand!" continued the sage, "and let the birds and insects of the creation teach wisdom to the children of men!

"A nightingale had built his nest on a wide-spreading tree in the midst of a beautiful garden. At the foot of the same tree a poor little ant had taken up its residence, to provide for the few days of its frail life.

"The nightingale fluttered round the garden night and day, pouring forth his melting strains, and warbling his

fascinating melody to his favourite rose, while the western breeze alone was privy to his tale.

" The ant in the mean time employed every hour in preparing its stores; and, observing that the bird of a thousand notes was intoxicated with his own music, said--- ' What is the use of all this chirping and chattering? and what will it avail in the day of hunger and distress?'

" The lovely seasons of the year soon expired, and were succeeded by the piercing blasts of winter. Thorns were seen in the place of the blushing rose; and the nest of the nightingale was occupied by the raven. The leaves were strewed over the plain. The breath of Heaven was cold and chilling. The clouds poured down liquid pearls; and the air parted with its fleecy honours.

" The nightingale returned from a short wandering, and was confounded at the change. His blooming friend had disappeared; and he was no longer regaled with the fragrance of the hyacinth.

" The mellifluous notes of the unhappy bird were no more. His beloved rose had withered. The verdure of his charming haunts had vanished away, and no means of support were left.

" In this melancholy state, it occurred to him, that not long since he had observed an industrious ant, at the foot of his habitation, collecting a hoard of corn; and that he would apply to his neighbour for assistance in this hour of calamity.

" The wretched nightingale addressed the ant, and said, ' My respected friend! liberality is the certain indication of a great mind, and the first blessing of prosperity. I have wasted my days in idleness; while you have shown true wisdom in heaping up a treasure of real worth. Have compassion, then, upon improvident folly, and assist me!'

" The ant answered, ' Every hour of thy existence has been spent in pleasure, and mine in labour. Thou wast enamoured of a flower, while I provided for the blights of age. Dost thou not know, that every smiling summer is succeeded

succeeded by the gloom of winter? Inconsiderate bird! thy miseries be upon thine own head!"

Behauder threw his lute upon the pavement. Omra, with his head bent to the ground, did not, as he was accustomed, make any remark on the tale.

"My sons," cried Sadi, "you are treading in the steps of this foolish nightingale. You are wasting the spring of your lives in running about from vanity to vanity; for all pursuits are vain which are frivolous or unuseful. Behauder! of what weight, in giving depth to the decisions of your mind, will be an existence spent in cultivating the acuteness of your ear? Degenerate prince! fitter would you be to sit umpire over a scale of notes, than be consulted upon the welfare of a great kingdom!"

Behauder covered his face with his hands.

"Omra!" continued the sage, "your transgression has been even greater than your brother's! Is a man mightier for being handsomer than his neighbours? Is a gilded casket more precious than the unwrought jewel in the mine? In vain would an ignorant fellow, were he beautiful as an angel, seek for bread to feed him, or human society to give him comfort. Who would pay laziness with food, or give respect to a piece of painted clay?

"Then, as a prince, how much more culpable are you! Will the delicate texture of your hands repel invasion from your country? Will the sweetness of your perfumed robes satisfy the wants of your neglected subjects? Like the fabled youth of the fountain, you have fallen in love with your own brightness; but to no purpose do you polish the glass, if the images which are to be seen through it are unshapen and deformed.

"Youth is the season for perfecting the understanding to its dignity. I do not lesson you to learning, either for a cause of mere pleasure, or for a source of debateful preeminence, which originates a contempt of others. These are adulterate and mean ends of knowledge. I teach you

wisdom, that you may regulate your own life, and render happy those who look up to you for protection.

"A man, from his mixed nature, may be liable to many frailties and errors. He may possess violent passions; or, from custom, have perhaps contracted licentious habits. Yet, if his person be illuminated by learning, he holds in his breast certain principles of religion, morality, and policy, which, on an emergency, will preserve him from most ruinous chances and excesses.

"This anticipating knowledge, derived from a youth spent in study, to a king, would ever be whispering in his ears; when counsellors, like the ant in the story, stand averse or fearful, amazed and silent."

Omra fell on his knees, and burst into tears. Behauder also wept. Sadi laid his hands on the heads of both.

"Rise, my children! reflect on what has passed; and remember, that it is a sublime object to stand upon a rocky promontory, and behold the sea dashing its tempestuous surges against the base; it is a delight to stand within the battlements of a castle, and to hear the storm buffeting the iron walls; but it is pleasure incomparable for the mind of man, by wisdom to be seated and fortified on the tower of truth; and from thence to direct the erring wanderings of other men below."

ON THE DUTIES WHICH WE OWE SOCIETY,

And the unamiable Propensity of Misanthropy and Spleen.

AMIDST the catalogue of failings which disgrace our nature, and among the various imperfections to which it is prone, that of a misanthropic enmity towards mankind is certainly the most unamiable. The libertine may have been seduced by the violence of his passions, the licentious attracted by the force of example, and the weak deluded

deluded by the influence of advice; but what apology can the misanthropist hold out for an implacable aversion to the human race?

To be a solitary link in the chain of being, unconnected by the bonds of social kindness, and incapable of participating in another's joy, is to be destitute of feelings which give a charm to life, and dead to the sweetest sensations of the heart.

As we are placed in a world where misery abounds, we ought mutually to render it supportable to each other; and, instead of augmenting misfortune's heavy load, lend our own shoulders to sustain the weight.

The misanthrope, instead of fulfilling the duties of society, or promoting the happiness of his fellow-creatures, sullenly retires to his inhospitable cell, and nurtures passions which corrode his peace. The cheering influence of a neighbour's fortune imparts no warmth to his ungenial heart, and the enlivening ray of participated joy never dispersed the gloom upon his face.

"There is a generous principle in human nature,"* says an elegant modern writer, "which imperceptibly disposes us to take the injured's part; we feel an honest indignation at seeing weakness oppressed by might, honesty over-reached by cunning, and unsuspecting goodness played upon by knavery."

Many of our pleasures, and many of our pains, doubtless, depend more upon the temperature of the mind than upon their own abstract nature. The man of a warm and generous disposition has a refinement in his pleasures, and a gratification in his delights, to which the cold and insensible are total strangers; for there is a satisfaction to be derived from the practice of benevolence, which stoic apathy can never feel.

We are placed in the world as social beings, whose pleasures are augmented by being shared; and, even in the

* Hunter's Biography.

communica-

communication of our opinions, and the interchange of ideas, there is a fund of satisfaction, for which the surly misanthropist may sigh in vain. Banished from the society of congenial spirits, our reflections, our sallies of fancy, our discoveries in science, and our emotions of triumph, all afford but an unsatisfactory joy; and we remain cheerless, desolate, and ungratified, without the communion of a kindred heart.

The social affections are universally allowed to excite virtue and stimulate fame; for it is impossible to feel much eagerness in the pursuit of that which is not likely to contribute to any one's enjoyment. Neither can a man entertain a generous complacency in himself, unless he finds there are others who set a value upon him. He will feel little temptation to cultivate those faculties in which no one takes either interest or regard, and, though necessity may compel exertion, disappointment will weaken the texture of his mind.

Our powers, no less than our infirmities, prompt us to confidence and communication; and how anxiously do we search after some congenial spirit to whom we may disclose every feeling of the heart. "We cannot," says Zimmerman, "impart our sorrows to the senseless rock; the passing gale cannot be made the confident of our cares; but we all languish for a sympathetic soul, who, by sharing, lessens the burden of our griefs. Untoward circumstances, it is true, do not suffer all to make the election which affection prompts or reason may approve; but all who are fortunate enough to find a friend, acknowledge it the choicest boon of life."

"Kindness," says an admired French author, "is the golden chain by which the world is held together, and it may be moved and managed with a finger." The observation is at once elegant and expressive; but the misanthropist defies the gentle band, and, severing the ties of friendship and affection, becomes a stranger to content and joy.

Habitual

Habitual acts of benevolence and affection soften and refine the human heart, and by degrees prepare it for the participation of those joys which we hope to taste in the mansions of the blessed.

Formed as we are for social happiness, and calculated to enjoy communion unreserved, how astonishing is it to behold a sullen individual at warfare and enmity with all mankind. In what tasteless apathy must the misanthrope pass his days; with what weary langour must he spend his nights;---repining discontent corrodes his peace, and envy rancours in his callous heart.

A LIVING CHARACTER.

Censorius is now in his fifty-seventh year, blest with fortune and endowed with health; but, from an envious and contracted heart, appears at warfare with the human race. Out of humour with himself, and disgusted with the world, he has long retired from a public scene, and, in exposing the faults of his neighbours and relations, seems to enjoy a cynical delight. His heart is a stranger to sympathy and affection, and he is incapable of tasting either pleasure or repose; yet he has a secret satisfaction in casting a shade upon perfection, and exhibiting failings in a meridian glare.

His family, instead of seeking his society, and offering those civilities his relationship might claim, avoid his presence with as studious care as they would a city infected by the plague. Though the heart of Censorius is incapable of affection, he feels the want of those attentions which other men enjoy; yet, instead of correcting that severity which repels their kindness, each day adds something to the former share.

Notwithstanding the many complaints against the calamities of life, it is certain that more constant uneasiness arises from ill-temper than ill-fortune; and the man who embitters his days by the indulgence of spleen, can have no right to murmur at the decree of Heaven. Censorius is continually complaining of his connexions, and lamenting

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ing the want of that affection he knows not how to gain; but let him learn to cherish tenderness towards mankind, before he repines at a deficiency of it towards himself.

ON THE PASSION OF GRIEF,

And the different Feelings excited by the perusal of monumental Inscriptions.

OF all the passions which impress our nature, and destroy the nervous texture of the mind, none have the power of affecting it with such violence as that which is produced by an indulgence of grief. When death, that foe to human happiness, has entombed in his dark and dreary mansion a form from whose endearing tenderness we once derived the most refined felicity, how blasted is every earthly happiness, how withered every hope of promised joy!---the world itself appears a dreary void, and all creation seems to mourn our loss. Scenes which we once had viewed with fond delight suddenly become overspread with gloom, and cease to charm the desolated mind. The gentle tie that bound the soft affections, is, by the potent power of death, dissolved; and all that gave a zest to fleeting life crumbles to dust before his ebon throne. In vain we seek for some consoling balm to heal the tortured, lacerated breast; but all that soothes or offers it relief springs from describing virtues just entombed.

How natural is it that filial piety, parental tenderness, and conjugal affection, should mark with some fond memorial of their love the clay-cold spot where the form, still fostered in their bleeding bosoms, mixes its ashes with the mouldering dust. Such tender proofs of feeling and affection convey a pleasing solace to the mind; and, whilst the heart offers this tributary claim to merit, it finds a melancholy balm for grief.

Amidst

Amidst the various instances of these affecting marks of anguish and regret, none appear to me more beautifully expressive of the mourner's loss, or more elegantly descriptive of the conjugal virtues which adorned the object of his tenderness, than some elegiac lines written by Lord Palmerstone, which I doubt not will delight every reader of taste.

Elegiac Lines on the Death of a beloved Wife.

BY LORD PALMERSTONE.

Whoe'er, like me, with trembling anguish brings
His heart's whole treasure to fair Bristol's springs,
Whoe'er, like me, to soothe disease and pain,
Shall pour these salutary springs in vain;
Condemn'd, like me, to hear the faint reply,
To mark the fading cheek, the sinking eye,
From the chill brow to wipe the damps of death,
And watch, in dumb despair, the short'ning breath;
If chance should bring him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his pangs were mine.
Ordain'd to lose the partner of my breast,
Whose virtue warm'd me, and whose beauty blest;
Fram'd every tie that binds the soul to prove
Her duty friendship, and her friendship love;
But, yet, rememb'ring that the parting sigh
Appoints the just to slumber, not to die;
The starting tear I check'd---I kiss'd the rod,
And not to earth resign'd her---but to God.

In perusing lines so expressive of affliction, the sympathetic mind cannot remain unmoved; but whilst we admire that sensibility which is so naturally displayed, it is impossible not to condemn those ostentatious marks of vanity and weakness which disgrace the living, and stigmatize the dead.

The prostitution of praise is injurious to virtue, and when we see a studied panegyric engraven on the marble that encloses the remains of worthless greatness, how naturally do we despise those marks of praise which wealth and title easily procure.

" A marble

"A marble monument, with an inscription palpably false, and ridiculously pompous," says Mr. Knox, "is far more offensive to true taste than the wooden memorial of the rustic, sculptured with painted bones, and decked out with death's head in all the colours of the rainbow. There is an elegance and simplicity in the turf-clad heap of mould which covers the poor man's grave, though it has nothing but a bramble to defend it from the proud man's insults, that affectingly appeals to tender hearts; and the primrose that grows upon it is a better ornament than gilded lies upon the oppressor's tomb."

An Irish prelate of high distinction had the misfortune to lose the object of his affection; and, anxious to evince his respect for her memory, a superb monument encompassed her remains, on which was described a catalogue of her virtues, and a *large space* left for the insertion of *his own*. A gentleman who possessed a great share of wit, though little veneration for his lordship's character, instantly filled the vacuum of vanity by the following satiric but judicious lines:

Vainest of mortals! hadst thou sense, or grace,
Thou ne'er hadst left this ostentatious space;
And giv'n the world such copious room
To tell posterity, upon thy tomb,
This well known truth, by all the world confest,---
That, by a blank, thy life is best exprest.

"On the tombstones of the *truly great*," observes the author whom I have quoted above, "it is certainly right that an inscription should be written consistent with their dignity and character, but it should not be prolix; for when the names and age make all the sepulchral history of distinguished personages, it seems to be implied that the rest is sufficiently remembered, and fully known; for when the marble ambitiously enlarges on their excellence, it argues that the world wants the information. It is better therefore that the passenger, when he sees an eminent name, should recollect

recollect, while he strikes his pensive bosom, the virtues which adorned the form entombed, than that they should be obtruded upon his mind by a descriptive catalogue."

Whether the sentiments of Mr. Knox upon this interesting subject are congenial to those of the generality of mankind, I am inclined to think will admit of a doubt; for though adulation and panegyric may perpetuate vice, yet that unstudied praise which spontaneously flows from a heart conscious of the virtues of the deceased, can never tend to disgrace their memory; but is a tribute offered at the shrine of affection, which grief and gratitude delight to pay.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

April 25. A TRAGEDY, called "JULIAN AND AGNES," was performed, for the first time, the characters being as follow, and thus represented:

Alphonso (Julian, Count of Tortona), Mr. Kemble; Provost, Mr. Wroughton; Prior, Mr. Packer; Confessor, Mr. Barrymore; Infirmier, Mr. Holland; Guides, Mr. Cooke, and Mr. Trueman; a Knight, Mr. Powell; Banditti, Mr. Surmont, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Chippendale, and Mr. Evans:——Agnes (Countess of Tortona), Mrs. Siddons; Ellen, Miss Biggs; Attendants, Mrs. Sontley and Miss B. Menage.

The scene is laid in a convent on Mount St. Bernard, and opens with a conversation between the monks on the mysterious conduct of a melancholy man who had taken refuge among them. Shortly after, a female of superior rank is seen traversing the snow-clad mountains, with her attendants carrying a young lady on a bier, apparently dead. Notice of their approach is conveyed to the convent; and, by the assistance of the monks, the strangers are extricated from the difficult recesses of the mountains,

and the young lady restored to life. The fate of the melancholy man now interests the monks; he is sought for amongst the rocks, and, being found, is brought into the presence of the Provost, who implores him to calm his conscience by a confession of his sorrows. After much difficulty he consents, and tells his story. From this it appears that he is Julian, Count Tortona, under the assumed name of Alphonso; that, at an early period of life, he won, by his martial exploits, the love of the beautiful and amiable Agnes, the Princess of Navarre, and married her. In some few years after, he was again called to the wars, on which occasion he passed himself for a single man on Ellen, the sister of a Swiss Banneret, his particular friend, who was left for dead on the field of battle, and had recommended her to his protection. When the ardour of his passion for this new object had subsided, he returned home to visit his Countess; and, in the mean time, the Swiss Banneret, who recovered of his wounds, being apprised of the imposition on his sister, came to Tortola, and was killed by Julian in an attack upon his life. Struck with remorse, and driven by his crimes to despair, Julian then repaired to Switzerland in search of Ellen; but at her solemn request he promised never to see her more. He then commenced a wanderer through the country, but had been for some time an inmate of the convent of St. Bernard at the time the strange females arrive in that neighbourhood. An attempt made by some robbers upon them brings him to their assistance: he kills one of the banditti, but is mortally wounded in the encounter; by which he rescues the females, one of whom proves to be Ellen, whose sorrows had just brought her to the grave, and the other his wife, Agnes, Countess of Tortona. A reconciliation takes place, and Julian dies, after receiving the forgiveness of Ellen, who has just strength to bestow it, and expires.

The Author of this Tragedy, Mr. Sotheby, has distinguished himself on former occasions by the classic correct-

ness

ness and elegance of his poetry; and the same praise is due to his present production. The sentiments are good, and happily expressed; but the incidents want energy and interest. The progress of the tale is too much retarded by tediously lengthened dialogue; and the conclusion does not answer the great expectations that have been raised in the outset. In short, as a dramatic Poem, *Julian and Agnes* possesses very considerable merit; but, as an acting drama, its defects are many and great. To the masterly acting of Mr. Kemble, the author was indebted for a patient hearing, though at the close it was strongly condemned. As to Mrs. Siddons, no opportunity was given her of exerting those great powers which she possesses over the mind. With some considerable improvements in the arrangement of the incidents, the Tragedy was repeated the following evening; but the disapprobation expressed, though less violent than on the first night, was sufficiently decided to suggest the propriety of withdrawing the Piece, which has not since been acted.

May 4. A new Opera, entitled "ADELMORN THE OUTLAW," was performed, for the first time, the principal characters as follow:

Sigismond, Mr. Powell; Ulric, Mr. Raymond; Adelmorn, Mr. C. Kemble; Cyprian, Mr. Barrymore; Ghost, Mr. Caulfield; Hugo, Mr. Suett; Herman, Miss De Camp; Ludovick, Mr. Bannister; Maurice, Mr. Sedgwick; Innogen, Mrs. Jordan; Orrila, Mrs. Mountain; Ella, Miss Menage.

Adelmorn the Outlaw, the supposed murderer of his uncle and friend, is proscribed for the deed which he had committed (or rather is supposed to have committed), in repelling an attack on his own life. Tortured by the consciousness of having shed blood, he is the victim of remorse. He lurks in a forest in Saxony, soothed only by the society of Innogen his wife (the daugher of Sigismond Duke of Saxony), who had eloped from a convent, and is thought to be dead. Ulric, the rival and foe of Adel-

morn (and really the perpetrator of the murder), persecutes, discovers him, and dooms him to death. Even Sigismond, the sovereign, whom Adelmorn rescues from the jaws of a wolf, having subjected himself to a law not to pardon a murderer, cannot save Adelmorn from the unrelenting hatred of Ulric. Ludovick, however, whose wife is an attendant in the castle of Ulric, being confined in a tower, discovers, by the help of thunder and lightning, Father Cyprian, who had been the associate and agent of Ulric's crimes, shut up in a dungeon, by the jealousy and fears of his master. From him he receives the proof of Ulric's guilt. In the end, Ulric is confounded by the appearance of Ludovick with a proof in his own handwriting of his share in the guilt, for which Adelmorn is to suffer.

Mr. Lewis, the Author of this *Romantic* Drama (justly so called), has by no means increased his reputation by the present production. To the admirable scenery and music (the latter by Kelly, and remarkably pleasing), he must feel himself indebted for its continuance on the Stage the few nights it was endured; for, with respect to the dialogue, we do not hesitate to rank it much below mediocrity, particularly in the parts intended as wit and humour. We thought that the charming airs, glees, and chorusses introduced, and the beautiful scenery, especially that part descriptive of Adelmorn's dream, probably, would have continued to attract good audiences for the remainder of the season; though, of the applause bestowed, Mr. Lewis would not have been able to apply a very large portion to himself. It was, however, finally condemned on the 20th.

COVENT GARDEN.

May 8. For Mr. Knight's benefit, a new Piece in one act, called "WHAT WOULD THE MAN BE AT?" was produced, and favourably received. Though not very interesting, it contained some well-pointed sallies on the manners of fashionable life; and Mr. Knight, who sustained three

three several characters in the Piece, displayed with good effect the comic powers which he is so well known to possess.

May 12. For the benefit of Mrs. Mattocks, a new After-piece, called "THE SEA-SIDE STORY," was performed for the first time, and received with applause. We understand that Mr. Dimond, jun. is the author of this Piece, and a prologue announced his age to be 19.

15. WHO'S THE ROGUE?" a Farce in two acts, was presented, for the first (and we presume the last) time, for the benefit of Mrs. Martyr. It was so indifferent, in point of merit, that the audience would not hear it through.

LYCEUM, STRAND.

On every fresh inspection of Mr. PORTER's celebrated Historical Picture of the SIEGE OF ACRE, we find something new to admire: indeed, it may be easily conceived, that, as it embraces such numerous objects, a single visit is very inadequate to the acquiring a just idea of all its excellencies. Like the former Picture of *The Storming of Seringapatam*, the present is semicircular. At the left extremity the city of Acre forms the superior objects; the splendid mosque of the Pacha, with its towers and minarets rising amidst the ruins of a christian convent. On the nearest point of the fortifications is a party of English seamen, under Capt. Wilmot of the Alliance frigate, who is mortally wounded in mounting a howitzer upon the breach. To the right of this group is Sir Sidney Smith, accompanied by Capt. Millar of the Theseus, and Col. Phillipeaux, the French officer, who accompanied him in his escape from France; they are addressed by Ghezzar Pacha: the "energetic old man" is entreating Sir Sidney to remove from a post of such imminent danger, but his persuasions are disregarded by the English commander; while Phillipeaux is pointing out his countrymen, as they are opposed at the breach by Lieut. Knight with a body of sailors and marines.

On the extreme foreground of the painting is represented a sally of the Turks from the garrison, consisting of dismounted Mamelukes, and the favourite Chifflick regiment led by Solyman Aga, who is seen personally engaged with General Lannes of the Republican army; while the French grenadiers, pouring from the trenches, rush on to the assault by mounting upon the bodies of their slain comrades lying half buried under heaps of sand at the foot of the breach. In this part of the contest General Bon is mortally wounded, and numbers of the wounded French expire under the daggers of the Mamelukes. In the midst of the attacking columns Bonaparte is conspicuous, with two of his Aides du Camp, to whom he is deliberately giving his orders.

At the base of the rectangular tower, and on the adjoining rampart, is a crowd of Albanians rallying under the Turkish standard: their commander is bayonetted by the leading divisions of the French, in a desperate effort to possess themselves of the tower, having previously failed in attempting to blow it up. In the destruction of the mine by a party of seamen pioneers under Lieut. Wright and Major Oldfield, both officers are badly wounded; the former is got off, supported in the arms of the pikemen, while the latter, falling into the hands of the enemy, expires as they are conveying him to their camp.

In the foreground, comprehending a part of the North ravelin, stands Col. Douglas, at the head of a supporting corps of marines, and giving orders for the position of a mortar which flanks one of the enemies' trenches; at the entrance of the defile, Lieut. Beatty of the marines is struck by a grape shot; near him stands Lieut. Hull. Beyond this, are seen the advanced works and batteries of the besieging army, with a broken aqueduct stretching across the plain to the westward of the Republican camp, and passing near the hill of Richard Cœur de Lion; the distance is occupied by the heights of Mount Carmel, and at the verge of the horizon is faintly perceived Mount Tabor.

In

In continuation of the front objects to the right, stands the Lantern battery, at a short distance in the sea; and close to the shore are moored two of the prize gun-boats under the command of Mr. Bray, the very active carpenter of the Tigre. The sea view stretching across the bay, shews the Turkish Flotilla, with the troops of Hassan Bey, at anchor in the roads of Caiffa. Nearer to the eye, are the Alliance frigate, and the remainder of the prize gun-vessels, cannonading the out-posts of Bonaparte's army; and the whole right hand extremity of the painting is occupied by a close partial view of the Tigre, with Lieut. Canes on the forecastle, who superintends the manning of her boats, to co-operate with those of the Theseus in conveying reinforcements to the defence of the breach.

ASTLEY'S AMPHITHEATRE.

THE IRON TOWER, one of the most interesting spectacles ever exhibited at this Theatre, together with an ingenious Pantomime, the incredible performances of the Flying Phenomenon, Mr. Ireland, Equestrian Exercises, and other entertainments, continued to draw crowded audiences till the 25th of May; when a new Comic Patomimical Ballet, called DARBY AND JOAN, was performed; to which was added THE IRON TOWER; and after that a new Comic Pantomimic Romance, by Mr. Lonsdale, was presented for the first time, under the title of "PUSS IN BOOTS; *or, Harlequin and the Ogre;*" the scenery of which commences with a view of Malfin's cave, gradually expanding itself to the inside of a mill. This is succeeded by an extensive view of the Ogre's domains, which is changed to a close woody prospect on the bank of a river. A rich landscape view of the Ogre's castle is followed by the representation of the Necromantic Ogre Saloon, which the magic of harlequin forms into the buildings of an elegant square in a European city; and this also vanishes into a turnpike road, with a flock of sheep passing. The outside of a country inn is next introduced; and suddenly, changing

changing to the inside, it exhibits a bedchamber, which is again transformed to a kitchen, with its corresponding objects. An immense map of Europe is afterwards unrolled to the view, with a personification of the several countries of the continent; and this, by the agency of harlequin, gives place to a grand interior display of the city of Paris (occupying the extent of the stage from front to back), comprehending the whole course of the River Seine, with all the bridges, and the Thuilleries Palace, the residence of Bonaparte. In a subsequent part, a mass of dropping sparwork gradually covers the scene, and on clearing away discovers a brilliant fairy-hall. The performance convulsed the whole house with laughter, and will, doubtless, long continue to be attractive. We understand that a representation of the circumstances attending the late military and naval operations in Egypt is in preparation, and will speedily be brought forward in the form of an Interesting National Spectacle.

ROYAL CIRCUS.

This elegant Theatre commenced a golden harvest from the performance of "RINALDO RINALDINI," "THE MAGIC FLUTE," &c., and the astonishing horsemanship of young Saunders. Considering, however, that *The Magic Flute* had been performed near a hundred nights, we were not sorry to see it at last laid aside, on the 20th of May, to make room for a grand and splendid Serio-comic Pantomime, called HARLEQUIN MAMELUKE; *or, The British in Egypt:* the extraordinary attractions of which continue nightly to fill every part of the house, and excite general applause. The scenery, machinery, decorations, &c. are new, and correctly pourtray the antiquities, natural curiosities, and costume of the Copts, Mamalukes, Arabs, British, Turkish, and French Republican forces, engaged in the hard-contested action near *Aboukir* and *Alexandria*. The whole was invented and produced under the direction of

of Mr. *Cross;* and concludes with a grateful commemorative exhibition of the gallant exploits of the *British army*, represented by real cavalry and well disciplined infantry, in their hard-contested struggle with the *Invincible Legion*, and taking the *Invincible Standard*, which is presented (after his having received his death-wound) to the gallant and ever to be lamented Sir RALPH ABERCROMBY.

CURIOUS EPISTOLARY ECONOMY.

MADAME de Genlis has lately published a work on female education, entitled "La Petit La Bruyere;" in which, after some observations on the value of time, she reprobates the fashion of repeating on the direction of letters, the titles, as à Monsieur, Monsieur, &c. and the names of the cities. She computes, that whoever has occasion to write two letters a day, the one to Constantinople, the other to Kimpercorentin, will lose, by writing the names of these places twice instead of once, half a minute a day. That when to this is added the practice of repeating Monsieur, and the very bad habit of sealing with wax instead of wafers, the loss amounts to no less than four minutes *per diem*, which at the end of the year amounts to a *dreadful total!*

SINGULAR CUSTOM IN THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

THE richest men in these islands are most excellent swimmers and divers; and it is affirmed that they sometimes will overtake ships under sail. Whenever they give their daughters in marriage, the celebrity of the diver is the general rule attended to. The suitors are tried before the maid and her father, and he who remains longest under water wins her.

School

School of Arts.

NO. XXXI.

To take off the Impression of all sorts of Plants on Paper.

TAKE a flat cushion of about six inches square, covered with leather; and another of a round kind, bound up so as to form a handle to it: lay on the flat one some printing ink, and level it with the round one; lay any leaf between them, and press it gently, that the ink may be equally divided on each side: then put it between two white papers and press it with the palm of your hand, and the impression will remain, and when dry may be coloured after Nature. The printing ink is made of three parts, drying linseed-oil, one part turpentine oil, and brought to a proper consistency with lamp-black.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. Yellow spotted muslin dress; purple sarcenet or white muslin spencer, trimmed with broad white or black lace. Aboukir hat of straw.

2. White muslin wrapping gown, and muslin cloak; straw or muslin poke bonnet, with a wreath of flowers.

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

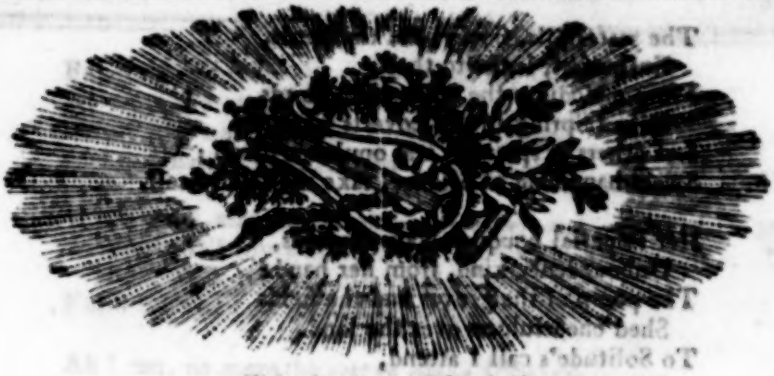
1. Pale pink robe with Spanish sleeves; head-dress entirely of hair, with high paradise, peacock, or ostrich feathers.

2. White muslin robe, with Mameluke sleeves looped up with a button, and trimmed with blue riband: head bound in Grecian bands, and mixed with blue foil and feathers.

Sham cloaks of white muslin, trimmed with broad white lace, and white muslin dresses, are much worn.

Blue, pink, yellow, and green, are the most prevailing colours.

The



The Apollonian Wreath.

TO SOLITUDE.

[BY DR. PERFECT.]

RECEIVE me, ye shades, to your arms,
Your Queen 'tis, my bosom can bless,
Expanding her sky-brighten'd charms
In your deepest sequester'd recess.
On the side of yon smooth sloping hill,
Dear charmer, I'll hail thy retreat;
Where plays in soft murmurs the rill,
By the hermit's contiguous seat.
Divested of trouble and strife,
Let science and peace with me dwell;
Thy whispers, Content, soothe my life,
And solitude sanction my cell.
Tho' plain my repast be, yet there should I find
Hygeia most bland, and Minerva most kind.

Dear Solitude, sober of mien,
To others the lays I consign,
Descriptive of love's melting scene,
Or pour'd in libations of wine.
Oh! waft me to life's lowly vale,
I'll listen well pleas'd to thy song;
Thy voice shall my spirits regale,
My musings to raptures prolong.

The waterfalls, flocks, and the herds,
Enthusiast, listen to thee,
More melodious the voice of the birds,
When Spring in thy coverts we see.
Let others in splendor and opulence dwell;
Sweet handmaid of Silence, take me to thy cell.

Her imperial bouquet Nature yields,
Unboundedly kind, from her hand:
The pomp of the groves and the fields
Shed cheerfulness over the land.
To Solitude's call I attend,
When moonlight sleeps over the hill,
See Cynthia in silver attend,
Reflecting pale light from the rill;
Where woodbines, in many a wreath,
The flowers below overlook;
While lilies spontaneously breathe,
And Nature lends Reason her book:
There, free from delusions, and vanity freed,
The page of pure Nature her vot'ry shall read.

In thee sacred pleasures reside,
Dear Solitude, ever in thee;
Are found in the waters that glide,
And speak in the whispering tree.
In the cave of green moss, by the dell,
Where Nature is sunk in repose,
Oh! let me felicitous dwell,
Forgetful of life's thorny woes.
Then Piety, heav'n-born maid,
Afford me thy solaces sweet;
Light Solitude's torch in the shade,
And beam thro' the lonely retreat:
Whose stillness 'tis thine in composure to share,
While calm meditation excludes ev'ry care.

SONNET,

Written on a leaf in a volume of Rowe's works.

OFT as I hang attentive o'er thy page,
Where pious strength in soften'd numbers flow,
Contentment, smiling, calm'd the aching woe,
And resignation sooth'd misfortune's rage.

But,

But, now, no more thy raptures fill my breast,
No more thy reason charms my soul to rest;
Before love's ardour calm contentment flies,
And resignation fades---now with'ring dies.

When shall, alas! the fleeting hours return,
When shall thy wisdom love's strong pow'r controul,
When shall religion ease my labouring soul
From the fierce torments that within me burn?

Ah! me, no more the rest of peace I'll share;
Lone anguish fills my tortur'd mind---I sink beneath despair.

TASCIN.

May, 1801.

SYMPATHY.

TO DELIA.

[BY DR. PERFECT.]

ENSHRIN'D in thy bosom of snow,
There's a sweet little cherub, my dear;
'Tis Sympathy call'd, and we know
It brightens humanity's tear:

A gift the most lovely and fair
That Heav'n on mortals bestows;
It pilots the pilgrim of care,
Repulsive of sorrow and woes.

Poor pale-ey'd distress I descry'd,
And merit on misery's bed;
By opulence surly denied
A scrap of superfluous bread.

Then I saw her dove-sembled descend
To succour poor pale-ey'd distress,
Benevolence sweetly extend,
And merit, tho' ragged, caress.

So dew-dropping dawnings of morn
Pervade Nature's mantle so dark,
Rekindle o'er landscapes forlorn
Of light and of life the warm spark.

THE MANIAC BOY.

On addressing a Woman weeping at a Grave in a Village Churchyard.

AND why thus waste your ev'ning hours
By this mishapen mossy grave?
And why thus strew the sweetest flow'rs,
And shed your tears in silent show'rs,
Where nightshade and the tall weeds wave?

Beneath this sod, bedew'd with tears,
And deck'd with many a flow'ret wild,
Reflection oft her altar rears;
For here a thousand hopes and fears
Lie buried with my maniac child.

I've hous'd him from the wind and rain,
From snows that fell in winter wild,
I've cloth'd him o'er and o'er again,
And with my labour did maintain,
Him whom I lov'd---my maniac child.

What time the day-star sunk to rest,
He'd scent the balmy breeze of morn;
Climbing the neighb'ring mountain's crest,
Or blow the village herdsman's horn,
To break the drowsy ploughman's rest.

Oft as he loiter'd by the tide,
That down the valley wildly gushes,
The flow'rs that on the surface glide,
He'd catch, with more than human pride,
To deck his cap of sea-green rushes.

And when the fervid noon-tide heat
Urg'd fainting cattle to the shade,
And village swain on verdant seat,
With half clos'd eyes, at length was laid;
He'd seek the shepherd boy's retreat---

In lanes, as any meadow green,
O'ershadow'd by the drooping limes,
And there, by loit'ring elves unseen,
He'd loudly chaunt the village chimes
To many sad and simple rhymes.

But

But he the twilight time admir'd,
For then he'd oft forsake his home,
And wait and watch as one inspir'd,
By nettle-skirted grave or tomb,
To chase the owlet thro' the gloom.

One fatal melancholy night,
I saw, oh! God, with wild affright,
My William number'd with the dead;
I guess by Will-o'wisp misled,
He miss'd the path-way to my shed.

For him I love at eve to weep,
And deck with flow'rets wild his clay;
For him my vigils here I keep,
'Till summon'd home by coming day.

Cambridge, May 1801.

EPITAPH

In Abbot's Langley Church, Herts.

**This small tribute
of affection and gratitude,
to the memory
of our eldest son, Bernard Hale,
is given
by us, his most disconsolate parents,
Bernard and Martha Hale.**

FROM ling'ring pain thy patience bore,
Rest, lovely youth, for ever free;
Exert thy filial love once more,
Teach us to bear the loss of thee!
With thee, our comfort, joy, and boast,
Did every blissful vision end;
With thee, alas! at once we lost
A son, companion, and a friend!
So fine thy thread of life was spun,
Nature so richly wrought thy mind,
That she proclaim'd the work was done
For Heav'n, and not to bless mankind.

The above lines were written by the celebrated David Garrick, Esq. who much loved and admired the amiable youth.

ODE

On our late naval Achievement at Copenhagen.

GENIUS of Albion, still 'tis thine
To wield the sceptre of the main;
Ev'n tho' th' embattled world combine
To wrest it, the attempt proves vain.
Firm as an adamantine rock,
Thy naval prowess meets the shock,
And hurls, indignant, the recoiling blow,
Aim'd at thy envied head, on the confounded foe.

Thy valiant tars no dangers dread:
Still prompt to fly where glory calls,
The canvas wing they proudly spread,
That wafts along thy wooden walls:
Nor castled streight, nor buoyless shoal,
Their dauntless ardour can controul;
Nor thund'ring batt'ries, whose tremendous roar
Ev'n shakes the solid frame of the resounding shore.

O'er the wide surface of the globe,
Under each pole, beneath each zone,
To realms of every hue and robe,
Thy maritime renown is known.
The trembling East, the humbled West,
Have oft thy matchless might confest;
And soon the truant North again shall melt
To mildness, since her sons have Nelson's vengeance felt.

Yet still the soul of Pity shrinks
When the dread stroke ev'n Justice deals;
Upon the widow's woes she thinks,
On all the hapless orphan feels.
Amid the triumphs of the brave
Death's sable flag is seen to wave;
And dire Misfortune mingles her alloy,
To damp, in many a heart, the cause of general joy!

T. S.

Dromore.

SONNET TO THE SPARROW.

[BY A LADY.]

THE thrush and blackbird only sing
Through the gay flatt'ring hours of Spring,

The

The swallow, too, when Summer's done,
Departs to seek a warmer sun;
But the poor sparrow's visit lasts
Through seasons of a darker cast;
For, amid hail, and rain, and snows,
He twitters every thing he knows;
And be the tempest ne'er so rude,
Still chaunts his note of gratitude.
---Come, faithful sparrow, then, and be
By constancy endear'd to me;
Thou'lt share with me the Winter's frown,
When all my Summer friends are gone.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I....Flam-beau.
Charade II....Tar-get.

NEW CHARADE.

Addressed to Mrs. W———, upon a recent event that had taken place.

SOME spirits there are, who reside on this earth,
That happiness seem to deride,
And, unable to taste any joy from their birth,
Make my First their companion and guide.

With that they destroy both the pleasure and ease
Which from cheerfulness seemeth to flow;
But you, my Louisa, who study to please,
Will never make use of this foe.

To those who orthography badly attain
My second may seem like a ride,
For the same form of letters exactly explain,
Though they are not exactly applied.

My whole, dear Louisa, how shall I define?
In what language its comforts display?
It ensureth such joys as they say are divine,
Or maketh each blessing decay!

May it never corrode that susceptible breast,
But act as a shield against pain;
And though few in this life completely are blest,
May you the bright treasure attain.

Correspondence, &c.

AS we have the pleasure of seeing our Work patronized and encouraged by persons of every religious persuasion, and do not assume the province of attributing improper motives to the conduct of any pastors or preachers, we must decline the insertion of Martha, a Domestic Tale.

R. *has not furnished the* means *of complying with his request.*

We beg to decline the Biographic Sketch *from* Stockton.

We think the local *complaint made by this Correspondent unfounded: except in one instance* (March), *his observation is not justified by facts. We must at all times reserve the power of* placing *Communications according to our own Judgment; and, sometimes, even our convenience must be consulted. Early transmission, however, will generally be advantageous to authors who are tender of being thrown into the back-ground.*

Complimentary Verses on private individuals *cannot be permitted to swell the pages of a work devoted to* general *entertainment and instruction. We relaxed this rule last month, in compliance with a very earnest request; but think it unreasonable to be required to insert this month another set of Verses to the memory of the same lady; whose virtues, we have no reason to doubt, rendered her justly dear to her own acquaintance; but who certainly cannot be an object interesting to public curiosity or contemplation.* Tancred's *Lines are left with the Publisher.*

The Occasional Inspector; *Mrs.* P.'s Tale; The Turnpike Gate; The Vestal; The Fashionable Season, *&c. &c. are reserved for our next Number.*

We cannot undertake to give specific reasons *for all the rejections it becomes necessary for us to make. When disappointed authors send us the same articles three or four times over, it is a proof to us that they are rather dull at a* hint.

Erratum: P. 62, line 20, for SOUTLEY, read SONTLEY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM 14 SEP 48

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FINIS.

Knight and Compton, 30, Ludgate Street, Cloth Fair.